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JANUARY

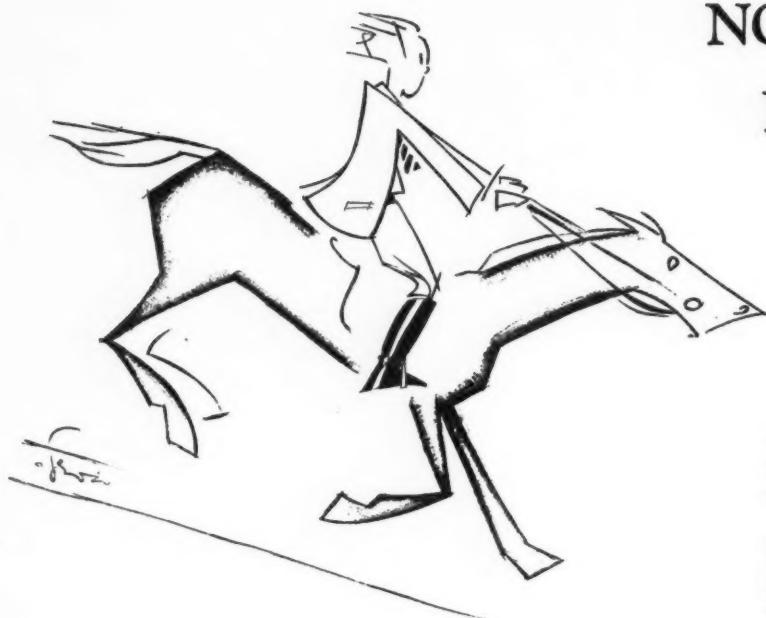
1934



The Weakest Link: A true story of the Revolution by JANE DARROW

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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WHO'S WHO IN THIS ISSUE

ADDISON BURBANK writes: "Perhaps many of your readers have seen my mural of Ponce de Leon, which I painted for the Florida Building at the Chicago Century of Progress, and which is to hang permanently in the State capitol at Tallahassee. The panel is over ten feet square, and represents the discoverer on Easter morning, 1513, at the moment of setting foot on the peninsula, and naming the new land Florida for its flowering beauty.

"About me: I am a Californian by birth, and received my art training in the schools of San Francisco, Chicago, New York and Paris. My present studio in Cos Cob, Conn., is a transformed hen-house, which may account for its being so 'chic.'"

EDWIN T. HAMILTON was born in Cleveland, Ohio, and lived there during his boyhood. In 1915 he enlisted in the British Royal Air Force and served through the duration of the War as one of the youngest officers in active service. For a number of years after the War he traveled all over the world, living for a considerable time in both Africa and South America. On his return to America, he became interested in editorial work, and later held the position of aviation editor for a large group of magazines. He was the first editor of *Model Airplane News*. Since 1929 he has devoted all his time to writing. He is a regular contributor to *Country Gentleman*, *Model Craftsman*, *Universal Model Airplane News*, *Boy's Life*, *The American Girl* and other magazines. He is the author of three books—*Handicraft for Girls*, *The Boy Builder*, and *Complete Model Aircraft Manual*. He lectures frequently on handicraft and model airplanes.

ANNE FRANCES HODGKINS was born in West Harpswell, Maine. She comes of a long line of sea-faring people, and spent her childhood on the "tall ships." Her father was captain of a barque which was engaged in the South American trade, and her childhood on the sea was colorful and unusual. A graduate in Physical Education, she has devoted many years to recreation work among girls and women in the United States and Canada. For the past three years she has served as National Field Secretary for the Women's Division of

the National Amateur Athletic Federation, and she has visited almost every State in the Union in the interest of promoting wholesome athletic sports and recreation for all young women. At present she is director of Leisure Time Activities for the Girls Service League of America, and is providing for hundreds of girls opportunities for using enforced free time in a creative way. Miss Hodgkins is a member of the Appalachian Mountain Club of Boston.



LAURA ELLSWORTH CARSON (in private life Mrs. Erwin V. Seiler) grew up in Ithaca, N. Y. In the summer she played tennis and golf, but the first freezing weather found her cutting figure eights and waltzing on the ice—a sport which still seems to her more fun than any other. In college—Cornell University—she concentrated on English and Modern Languages with a dash of Philosophy. She organized the Woman Suffrage Club, sang in the Chapel choir, took part in the annual class "stunts," and was toast mistress of the senior banquet. While still in college, she had a few little articles published in magazines and newspapers. This led an older friend to suggest advertising "copy-writing" as a possible business. Her first advertising was written for a New York department store, R. H. Macy & Co., but for many years past she has been associated with the Federal Advertising Agency, handling accounts of interest to women. Like many people whose work must be done in the noise and confusion of a big city, Mrs. Seiler's greatest pleasure is found in quiet week-ends spent on the farm in Pennsylvania where she and her husband own an old stone house.

MARGUERITE ASPINWALL tells us: "Probably one of the most usual questions that is asked of anyone who writes is, 'Have you always written?' And the second, 'How do stories begin in your mind? Where do you get characters and plots?'

"Of course, every writer may have a different answer, but I can only remember—my first memory of actually writing anything not a school exercise—sitting on the floor one snowy morning when I was about eight years old, forgetting to button my leather leggings preparatory to going out to coast, because I was intently finding rhymes for a 'poem,' and becoming so excited in the hunt for words that had a nice singing sound, that I completely forgot the usually exciting snow outside."

"Later I wrote plays for the children in the neighborhood; and then insisted on directing and acting in them, as well. I wish I had copies of some of them now."

"I was always a bookworm; not very fond of athletic games, I'm afraid, except by fits and starts. Of course, still later, in my 'teens, I did go in for tennis and boating—canoeing and sailing, which I have always loved; and very recently, in the past few years, golf, because I was thrown for a time with a group of enthusiasts."

"I've always loved the country, but have lived most of my winters, since I was nine, in New York City. But the summers have been glamorous—home on the Hudson River, at its widest part, where I could indulge my love of boating. One thrilling summer, riding horseback in the North Carolina Mountains; and several of the nicest summers of all in quaint, delightful old Nantucket, which has been the scene of many of my stories."

"Places, as much as people, usually in-

fluence my choice of story types; which answers that second question of how stories begin—for me. I like to think up a place that has had special charm for me, and begin to picture a group of congenial youngsters at home in those surroundings. That is how I hit on the Florida coast for the Red Carreus—one of the nicest vacations of all was spent in Miami, mostly on the beach. But that was just a few years ago, when I was Associate Editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and went down there to oversee the taking of fashion photographs of smart bathing togs."

"I've been editor, fashion adviser, free-lance writer, and I'm now doing some interesting merchandising for a big department store. But I always keep one hand not too far from my little portable typewriter, so I can jot down new plots and characters and scenes, when they pop into my head."

JANE DARROW writes as follows: "Ever since as a small girl I first studied the American Revolution, the people who lived in those days have always seemed very much alive to me. The true story of Sarah Townsend and her brother Robert (who is now known to be the 'Culper, Jr.' of Washington's secret correspondence), was discovered in very re-

cent years by Mr. Morton Pennypacker, a Long Island antiquarian. The documents revealing the story and the identity of 'Culper, Jr.' both matters of great interest historically, were found in a trunk in an old house at Oyster Bay."

"The Townsend home, Raynham Hall, has been taken over by the Daughters of the American Revolution; and it is through the personal courtesy of descendants of the Townsend family that Sally's silhouette graces her story. Colonel Simcoe was a very real person, too. Later in life he became Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada."

"My own story is much less thrilling. I am happily married, I have one novel, *The Figured Flame*, to my credit; also, a biography of Nathan Hale and a *Children's Occasional Day Book*, for which a friend composed the music."

BETTY SHANNON, author of *Jo Goes into the Movies*, tells us: "My first job of writing about the movies came to me unsought. I had meant to do social work, but happened instead to stumble into a theatrical press agent's office in a search for information on amateur coaching. I had never heard of a press agent, but I did not tell that to the man. He seemed to believe in my honest, mid-western face and I came out of his office engaged as his assistant, with a folder of pictures of Mrs. Pat Campbell to 'place.'

"The Company soon closed. (No tittering, I hope.) So did other adventures, including the movie one. But it all led to 'free lance' writing, which I love."

"I have interviewed dozens of people on the movies, including Mrs. Roosevelt and Mary Pickford."



Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind!

• Jean sat down on the ice to put on her skates. "I love winter, don't you, Jo?" she said. "The air's so keen, and all the outdoor sports are such fun."

"Uh, huh!" agreed Joan. "And I like February because of other things, too. Lincoln's Birthday, and Washington's Birthday—"

"And Valentine's Day!" interrupted Jean. "Speaking of that, there are two grand Valentine stories in the February AMERICAN GIRL. One is a Grazier Girls story by Elizabeth Corbett; and the other is about Em and Kip. It's called *Advice to the Lovelorn*, and it's funny, but sort of sweet, too."

• "That sounds promising!" Joan swung round on her gleam-

ing skates. "I was looking at the magazine while I waited for you. I read a peach of an article by Beatrice Pierce, *Your First Dance*. It told lots of things about etiquette, that a girl ought to understand. Do you know, I've come to the conclusion that popularity is largely a matter of knowing the rules—and those articles in THE AMERICAN GIRL are going to be a great help."

• Jean looked up eagerly. "You said it! There's some sense to those articles—they really tell you what to do, and what not to do. I liked the cooking article a lot, too. Let's give a party soon, and try out some of those luscious supper dishes."

"We might let each guest cook one thing," suggested Joan.

• Jean struggled to her feet. "Did you get a chance to read the article on the new movie of *Alice in Wonderland*? It's super. And the pictures are the cutest things you ever saw."

"They sure are!" Joan cut a dashing curve. "But come on, let's skate. Beat you to the top of the pond! Here goes!"

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Courtesy the Rhode Island School of Design, Providence

AMERICAN GIRLS IN ART SERIES—NUMBER THREE

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER *painted by* Charles S. Hopkinson

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS
REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

JANUARY • 1934

Winter Climbing

with the Appalachian Club in the White Mountains

ONE cold February day, the secretary to the president of my firm appeared in the doorway of my office. "The president says you're to take a holiday at once," he said.

"Why," I gasped, "I don't need any holiday at this season of the year."

"The president says you do," insisted the secretary. "Because you've lost all your color, and what's worse, your sense of humor." He continued, "Where will you go—Palm Beach, Atlantic City, or Bermuda? The firm pays the bill."

"None of those soft places for me!" I replied. "If I must take a holiday, I'll go to the White Mountains for a winter climbing trip with the Appalachian Mountain Club."

"What a choice!" groaned the secretary, shivering at the mere thought as he handed me an expense sheet.

Two days later, I closed my desk with a sigh of relief, and in a few hours was on the Pullman, bound for New Hampshire—skis, snowshoes, ice crampons and a duffel bag of woolens comprising my entire luggage. The train pulled into Gorham early next morning, but not too early for some other members of the party to be on hand to greet me. After a hot breakfast of pie, ham and eggs, doughnuts and all the other indigestibles dear to the heart of a New Englander, we were ready to start to the base camp. The motor which transported us to camp was a queer-looking animal, equipped with a huge snowplow on each bow. Only with the aid of this invention were we able to navigate the snow-bound roads.

Camp was a comfortable hotel, the Glen House, known and enjoyed for decades by winter climbers in this section. Upon arrival, each was allotted a roommate, or mates, as the case might be. I drew three excellent companions, and together we ascended to our spacious dormitory room on the top floor. Our windows overlooked the entire valley with the Carter range rising majestically in the distance, indescribably



Courtesy of the Bretton Woods Co.

By

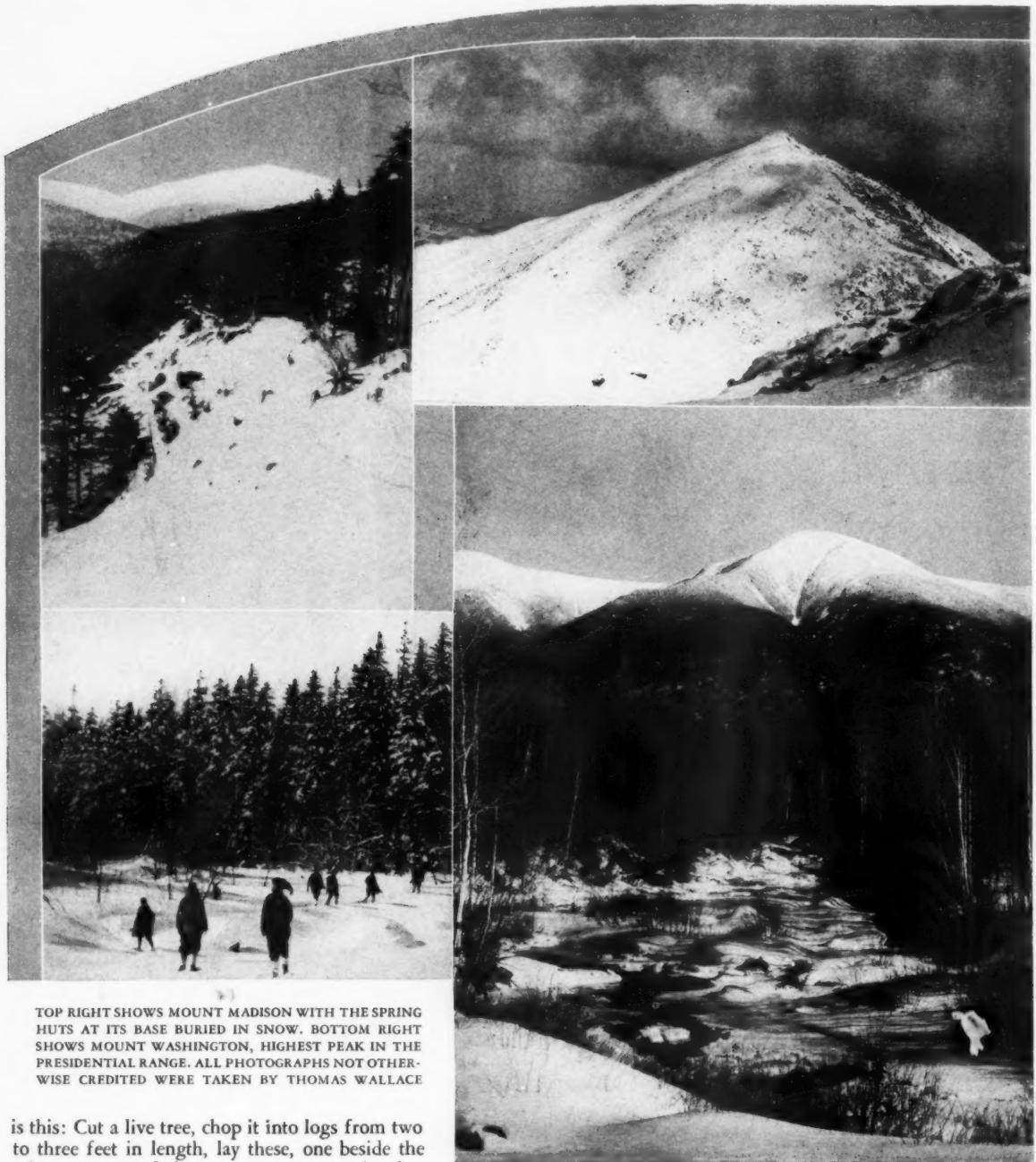
ANNE
FRANCES
HODGKINS

lovely with its heavy covering of snow and its tall conifers.

Our party was a gay one, doctors, lawyers, merchants, editors, bankers, educators, housewives and students, bound together for one great purpose—to climb Mount Washington. Each in turn signed in the register his name, profession and mountaineering status. Some had "M. A." (Master of the Alps), "M. R." (Master of the Rockies), and one, the famous Noel Odell, the only man to climb twenty-seven thousand feet and return, affixed after his name "M. H." (Master of the Himalayas). Having once climbed the highest point in Holland—I'm sure it was all of twenty-five feet high—I boldly affixed "M. H." after my name, hoping no one would guess that mine stood for "Master of the Holland Mountain."

Our days were one long round of activity. We arose at six, breakfasted at six-thirty, and at seven-thirty were off for the day. Some days, we would don our skis and spend hours gliding down the long slopes; or with ski poles in hand, we would take the high road to Pinkham Notch Camp, to gossip with the genial hut master, and get up-to-the-minute reports on weather conditions on top of Mount Washington. Other days, we would tramp for hours on snowshoes, looking like huge beetles waddling through the soft snow, climbing up the many ravines, or following a blazed trail alongside a river's bank.

When noon came, the leader would build a fire in the shelter of a boulder. Did you ever try to build a fire in deep snow? The uninitiated lights his fire on top of the snow, only to find in a few minutes that it has disappeared in a sea of melting slush. The recipe for a successful snow fire



TOP RIGHT SHOWS MOUNT MADISON WITH THE SPRING HUTS AT ITS BASE BURIED IN SNOW. BOTTOM RIGHT SHOWS MOUNT WASHINGTON, HIGHEST PEAK IN THE PRESIDENTIAL RANGE. ALL PHOTOGRAPHS NOT OTHERWISE CREDITED WERE TAKEN BY THOMAS WALLACE

is this: Cut a live tree, chop it into logs from two to three feet in length, lay these, one beside the other, on top of the snow to support the fire, place two heavy logs across the ends of these for andirons and lay others across them. On this grate, lay dry sticks for your fire. It takes hours for the green logs to burn through, and a fire built in this way will provide warmth and heat for cooking for a long time.

For our noon meals, each climber brought his own sandwiches and dried fruit, and the leader served a hot drink, usually prepared cocoa. The cocoa cooled almost before you could raise the cup to drink, your hands became lumps of ice as you took off your mittens to eat the sandwiches, and the raisins were hard pellets, but we ate with gusto and no complaints.

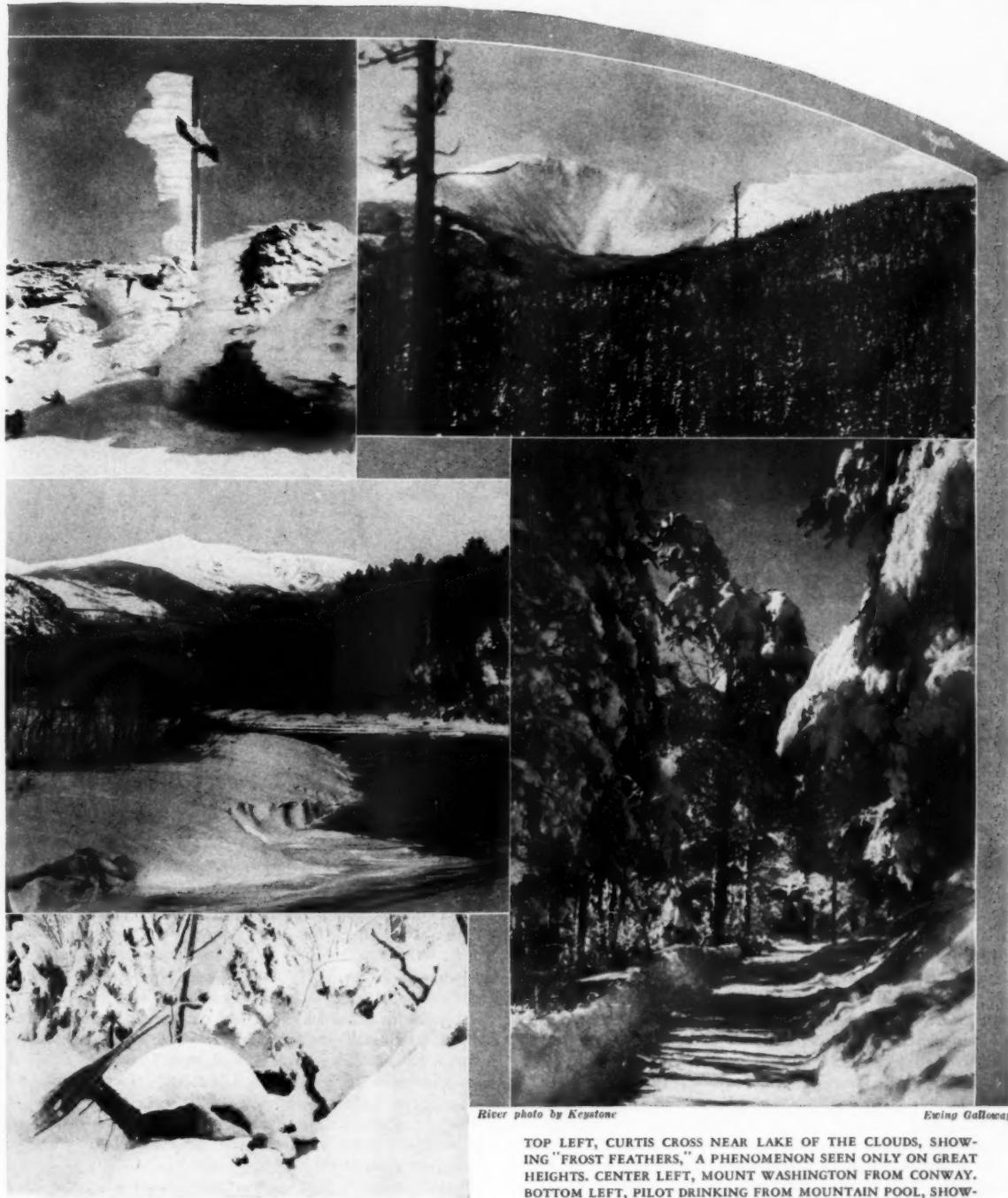
A few miles more of hard going after lunch, and we would be ready to start homeward. The trip back was always loveliest, with the sunset glow turning every snow covered bush and tree into sheerest beauty of color. It was always

a race to see who could reach camp first, for the first in got hot baths, the next lukewarm, and the laggards, stone cold. As we lined up outside the bathroom for our turns, we often quoted the famous Roman motto, found in that unique history of England, "1066 and All That." "He who bathes first, bathes fast," which was a good thing and still is."

On stormy days when the snowfall was too heavy for climbing, we sat around the house, and told tales of bigger, better climbs, as all mountaineers are apt to do, and played endless games of checkers and bridge, "content to let the North wind roar, in baffled rage at pane and door."

After many minor climbs, during which we became acclimated and accustomed to the altitude, the leader of the party decided that weather conditions were right for an

Courtesy of the Bretton Woods Co.



River photo by Keystone

Ewing Galloway

TOP LEFT, CURTIS CROSS NEAR LAKE OF THE CLOUDS, SHOWING "FROST FEATHERS," A PHENOMENON SEEN ONLY ON GREAT HEIGHTS. CENTER LEFT, MOUNT WASHINGTON FROM CONWAY. BOTTOM LEFT, PILOT DRINKING FROM MOUNTAIN POOL, SHOWING SNOW CONDITIONS WHICH CLIMBERS MUST EXPECT TO FACE

assault on the peak of Mount Washington. The night before the climb, we got our togs in readiness, snowshoes and crampons were carefully inspected, parkas mended and straps adjusted, and our rucksacks filled with extra stockings, mittens and First Aid equipment.

I wish that every girl might have the opportunity of climbing with such a group as the Appalachian Club, and might see with what infinite care preparations are made. Nothing is left to chance, and no risks are ever taken. Instructions regarding outfits are sent to those contemplating winter trips, and the members take pride in procuring the most suitable clothing. Woolen underwear, wool shirts and

trousers, many pairs of smooth-fitting socks, horsehide mittens lined with wool, closely knit sweaters, a leather wind-breaker or jacket, and ski boots, or Barka boots with leather inner sole, make up the clothing of a real mountain climber. The most important article of clothing is the parka, one's best friend on the mountain. This garment, closed down the front, is made of lightweight wind-proof material, with a hood large enough to wear over a woolen toque. A belt around the waist prevents the wind from getting up underneath, and the parka is long enough to protect the thighs. Finally, all who do serious winter climbing equip themselves with ice axes, and crampons— (Continued on page 46)

By
JANE
DARROW

Illustrations by
Marguerite de Angeli

SARAH TOWNSEND came home from her ride that sunny September afternoon almost equally dismayed and elated. Colonel Simcoe had asked her to marry him. He had turned his horse to accompany her through a favorite tree-shaded lane to the sandy edge of the Sound. There, while she gazed at a dipping sail far out on the water, he had said, with all fitting formality, "May I live in hopes, Miss Sarah, that when this unhappy war is ended my devotion may claim its reward?"

The distressful thing to Sarah, staring hard at the sail, was that everything about the young man was right except his uniform, which was undeniably scarlet. In 1780 a girl who loved her country was expected to deal briefly with wearers of scarlet coats.

Sally had found herself temporizing. Thinking back on the matter, she wondered with some anxiety whether a refusal as graciously worded as hers, couldn't have been mistaken for encouragement. On the other hand, wasn't there reason for fearing that she had sounded final? A neat girl, she tried always to keep her emotions as orderly as her bureau drawer. Patriotism on top; indignation handy; love, a heart-size package tied rightly in buff and blue, but as yet unaddressed. Now, on a hasty survey, it looked to Sally as if a gale had blown everything about.

One can't greatly blame her. Many officers, by the time they attain Colonel's rank, have grown gray and are unbecomingly plump through the waistline. This English soldier—he was twenty-six at the time—was still youthfully slim and, in his tall, strong-featured way, very good-looking. In addition to courage and a cool head, he had a warm heart, charming manners, and a pleasant sense of fun. Ever since he had composed and sent her a Valentine, whose poetic reference to Mars and Venus was too pointed to ignore, Sally had had fair warning of his state of mind.

Attentions from the British officers quartered at Raynham Hall, were no new thing to her. Major André had made a sketch of her in her riding habit, and tucked it under her breakfast plate. Lieutenant McGill, neither an artist nor poet, but a person of like discernment, had written with a diamond on a window pane, "the adorable Miss Sarah Townsend." Sarah had laughed at his novel use of a diamond, and had been suitably pleased with her portrait. Her Valentine she had privately read and re-read till she knew



The

"A chain is as strong

every word of it from "Fairest maid where all are fair" to "Your answer take from Sarah's eyes." Its delightful rhymes lent themselves to musing, and its sentiments invited dreams. But, of course, no Valentine however charming, holds the authentic thrill of a proposal. And Sarah was eighteen.

At home in her own room, she changed from her riding habit to a flowered gown, looped up at the sides shepherdess fashion, and made with a tucker of lace. There was a fall of lace, too, at the edge of her half-length sleeves. She had coiled her gold-brown hair in a soft knot on top of her shapely head, and with her bright color and flower-blue eyes, she made a picture so lovely that her young sister Phoebe, coming in to be laced, stopped to stare.

Phoebe, too, was pretty, but plump. The bodice she wore laced in back, and it was necessary for her to take a good breath and hold it while Sarah tugged and tied. That accomplished, there were announcements.

MAJOR ANDRÉ is here, Sally. He is to stay the night, and perhaps two or three days. Colonel Simcoe will be glad of that, won't he? They're such friends. Oh, and Brother Robert has gone to New York on important business. Audrey knows why, but she won't tell me. I don't consider that at all sisterly. I think we should share and share alike, don't you, Sally? Anyway, Audrey and Robert stayed so long whispering in the pantry that she forgot her Brown Betty pudding. It's burned black on top."

"What a to-do!" Sarah said. "Phoebe, you may wear my



ON THE SURFACE, THE EVENING PASSED CHEERFULLY, WITH SALLY AT THE HARPSICHORD

Weakest Link

as its weakest link"

new amber beads tonight if you wish. They're high taste."

Phoebe brightened, looked at herself in the necklace, and went away happy.

"But I'd not trust her with a secret," Sally thought. "I wonder what's sent Robert in haste to New York?"

SECRETS were no new thing to Sarah Townsend. Ever since home had become the headquarters for his Majesty's forces on Long Island, discreetly low voices had seemed as much a part of life at Raynham Hall, as was the raw fort that crowned the hill across the road, or the box bushes in the garden where the red-coated officers drank tea. She had lively memories of the general discomfiture when, after the disastrous Battle of Brooklyn, the Island had changed hands. In those days, unless a Long Islander hurried to wear a red feather in proof of his loyalty to the British, his property was seized, and he was sent to languish on one of the dreadful prison ships in the harbor. The poorer folk had torn up their petticoats for badges. "Petticoat gentry," the British called them.

Mr. Samuel Townsend, Sally's father, because he was a member of the Quaker sect, had been excused from taking an active part in the hostilities. His handsome home at Oyster Bay had been commandeered, of course. But perhaps Mr. Townsend considered himself fortunate that he and his family were still permitted to live there. A dignified, prosperous gentleman, whose merchant ships had for many years sailed between New York and the West Indies, Sally's father

The true story of a girl whose courage and loyalty to her country helped to save West Point and to win the Revolutionary War

preserved an amiable tranquility. He saw to the comfort of his uninvited guests, and watched his orchard trees chopped down to make breastworks, with what philosophy he could summon. He took quiet pride in his children.

Solomon Townsend, the sea captain son, soon after Independence was declared, had left his ship at London dock and hurried to Dr. Franklin in Paris, where he had taken his oath of allegiance to the new United States. Robert, twenty-four and a bachelor, managed capably the New York warehouse. More cautious than Solomon in declaring his views, Robert was allowed to go and come as he pleased on his bay mare—which was certainly comforting, in view of the fact that Captain Solomon's politics cut him off from his marooned family, now that he was again in America.

AUDREY, Sarah, and Phoebe, being girls, attended to nothing more arduous than sewing, and songs at the harpsichord, with now and then preserving, or a housewifely batch of doughnuts.

They were all immensely proud of the great chain that Captain Solomon and Cousin Peter Townsend had forged at General Washington's request for the protection of West Point. Its immense links spanned the Hudson River just below the fort, preventing enemy shipping from coming too close. Sally could have told you anything there was to tell about that iron chain. That it had cost four hundred thousand dollars, and, when finished, weighed one hundred and eighty tons; and that it had been made at the Sterling Iron Works owned by Noble, Townsend & Co., where for six mid-winter weeks, two forges had been kept day and night at blast heat. The chain had been in place since the first of May, 1778.

Phoebe, on learning that General Benedict Arnold had been given command of West Point, had said happily, "Well, brave as he is, I imagine he's grateful for the strength of our chain."

The chain kept the Townsends close to Solomon, reconciled Robert to his inglorious invoices and bills of lading, linked the family with Monmouth, and Saratoga, and that bitter winter at Valley Forge. It was the visible symbol of their hidden sympathies.

On the surface the evening passed cheerfully, with Sally at the harpsichord and the Colonel hovering near to suggest songs, and turn the pages of her music. Afterwards they all recalled Major André's dark vivacity. At table he had seemed a little dull and abstracted. But he was his agreeable self once the candles were lit, amusing even sedate Audrey when he read his verses that poked fun at General Anthony Wayne's "intemperate valor."

The Major said Raynham Hall, with its deference to the Muses, reminded him always of his beloved Litchfield in England. He told them of the beauty of Litchfield's cathedral spires, known locally as "the Ladies of the Vale," but called, too, "the Three Sisters." "Because of their grace," he added, his charming smile including the three Misses Townsend.

Everyone at Raynham Hall liked and admired the amiable young officer. And no one suspected that he had undertaken an enterprise that he hoped would win him a Brigadiership

and perhaps a title. This enterprise would culminate shortly in success or failure. And though André was a brave man, the thought of failure was so dreadful to him that at times he regretted his daring.

Upstairs at last in bed, in the darkness, and talking softly, Sarah said to Audrey, "I thought we never could say good-night. What sent Robert in such haste to New York?"

"Oh, Sally! Such a surprise as he gave me! He's been here getting information for General Washington. And it's no new thing neither. He's been doing it for years. Each time he's come home."

"I'm not greatly surprised. Perhaps I've suspected it."

"Have you, Sally?"

"Only think of the risks he's taken. Robert's as brave as was Captain Hale."

In the dark Audrey moved her head in assent, then managed to say quaveringly, "If only he's not captured, too!"

"Did he tell you the way he's been doing it?"

"Yes. He's kept in touch all along with Major Tallmadge of Brookhaven, who handles the American Secret Service.

Sometimes Major Tallmadge has rowed over to Long Island, and met Robert at an empty house out on Lloyd's Neck. But recently, since he's been stationed above Westchester, Robert has sent his messages by a horse and rider that General Washington himself keeps in New York for the purpose."

SALLY said softly, eyes shining into the darkness, "I wish Brother Solomon could know!" Then she remembered something that, though it concerned her very closely, she had for a little while forgotten. She was silent so long that Audrey presently asked, "Sarah, are you going to sleep?"

"As if I could! Audrey, how does Brother send his messages by the rider?"

Both were trying to avoid the hissing whisper that carries, but Audrey snuggled closer. "He has to be terribly careful. Sometimes he uses a cipher. And always he writes with a new kind of ink they've discovered, that disappears as soon as it dries, hiding the words. The written sheet looks like blank paper till the reagent is applied. Robert always sends a whole quire of paper to Major Tallmadge. Unless one knew which page to look for, one would never suspect that the package contained writing."

Sarah had another question. "Whatever made him tell you today, Audrey, when he'd kept secret for so long?"

"Because he's worried. Robert's terribly worried. He says he has reason to suspect some monstrous important plot. But he can't fathom it. Or really find out anything at all. But he believes the British officers here in our house have something to do with it. He thinks he'd be regarded with suspicion if he stayed here longer. But, Sarah, he says he must find out what's in the air. He says maybe the fate of the whole war

depends on it. The thing he wants us to do most particularly is watch for hidden messages. If we see one, we'll have to open and read it, then notice who comes for it, and find some way of getting word to him in New York. He says it's a duty we owe to our country and nothing must stop us . . ." Audrey paused for breath. "You will, won't you, Sally?" she asked in a scared gasp. "We can't fail Robert."

Sarah said steadily, "That's what we must think of, Audrey. Not to fail Robert . . . or General Washington." She took Audrey's cold hand in hers, and held it close. This was one of those times when Audrey, almost twenty, seemed the younger of the two.

LONG after her sister's regular breathing proved her asleep, Sarah Townsend lay wakeful. The lines of her Valentine, and Colonel Simcoe's proposal, were continually interrupting what she told herself, severely, were more important thoughts. And the effect was confusing.

*"Fairest maid where all are fair,
"Beauty's pride and Nature's care
"To you my heart I must resign—"*

"Robert's terribly worried—"

"May I hope Miss Sarah, that some time when this unhappy war is ended—"

"He says maybe the fate of the whole war depends on getting information."

"Fond youth, the God of love replies—"

"You will, won't you, Sally?"

Some way, romance and conspiracy refused to blend. She heard the hall clock strike twelve, and then one. When finally she did fall asleep, it was to dream absurdly that she was in a boat

and had lost her oars—and that Robert on one shore, and Colonel Simcoe on the other, had each caught the extraordinarily long ends of her sash and were tugging. She wakened and sat up shivering, to decide that what she needed was another quilt. Careful not to disturb her sister, Sally rose. Putting on her dressing gown and slippers, she lit a candle and, shading it with her hand, padded down the hall to the small room at its rear where the family bed linen was kept. She set her light on the floor at a safe distance from the wardrobe and opened its door.

The blankets were on the top shelf and squeezed close. As Sally stretched up, tugging sharply to loosen them, a subdued murmur of voices—men's voices—reached her ears. What were the British officers discussing so late at night? "West Point"—the word, its sibilant consonants framed in a hissing whisper, set her heart beating wildly.

As she stood, her ears straining to listen, a blanket, loosened by her tugging, came down with a smothering rush, extinguishing the candle, bringing a warming-pan clattering after it. Standing in the reverberating darkness, Sally glimpsed a star of light through a knot-hole in the flooring. Instantly the gleam disappeared, the voices ceased. Clearly, the people below who had been talking, wished to be neither seen nor heard. Everything vigilant in Sarah, everything passionately concerned for the safety of Captain Solomon's chain, all that was alert to help Robert, listened. As well as she could in the dark, she located the knothole and waited.

She heard nothing for so long that she was beginning to wonder whether she had allowed imagination to run away with her, when the word was again repeated—unmistakably this time. The hiss in "West" and (*Continued on page 42*)



PHOEBE HAD TO HOLD HER BREATH WHILE SARAH TUGGED AT THE BODICE LACINGS



SOMEONE HAD HIDDEN A LETTER INSIDE THE SILVER TEAPOT. IT WAS ADDRESSED TO "MR. JAMES ANDERSON"



The Red Carreaus

*"The Red Carreaus to danger turn
As sparks fly up when fires burn"*

SANDRA, HERSELF

THE two boys and a girl who sat on the sagging step of the weather-beaten shack, their feet scuffing the shining Florida sand, and their eyes staring out over a blue and shining Florida sea, had been strangers to each other six hours earlier; yet already they had a sense of old acquaintance, that had nothing to do with their being cousins. Perhaps the fact of their being strangers also to this enchanted spot where their famous writer-uncle had had his bachelor home for the past few years, made a bond among them.

The girl—she was a little thing, for all her sixteen years, with a pair of widely open brown eyes, and short, curly red hair—sat at the far end of the step, one foot under her, and her chin in one cupped, tanned hand.

"We're going to have a swell winter down here, I'd say," she observed, out of a long moment of silence. "It's the first time I've ever seen the ocean."

The boy who sat at the opposite end of the step turned an equally red head, and studied her with a look of friendly curiosity.

"I've heard," he observed, offering no comment on her statement, "that the depression's been responsible for a lot of families coming together these days. We're a good example of it, seems to me. Sandra all the way from Kansas, Steve from Georgia, and me from a dead little Jersey town, and all of us meeting for the first time here on a Florida beach."

"Well, from what you've both let drop since we met in Miami this morning, it was pretty much of a god-send to our respective families when Uncle Roger offered to take the three of us in for the winter," the third member of the little group observed. He was red-headed like the other two, but it was a darker red that looked, as Sandra was thinking, like old, shining mahogany.

He went on seriously. "I know it was to my dad, all right. You see, I'd been through a long siege of typhoid, and that meant nurses and doctors' bills, 'til there simply wasn't a dollar left over, when the doc suggested I ought to be packed off to a warm place to recuperate this winter. And then Uncle Roger came forward, like the prince he is."

"There's something like that in my story, too," Sandra said impulsively. "Not sickness, thank goodness, but a chance for Daddy—he's a professor, you know, and this was his sabbatical year—to go to Germany and Vienna for some special research work. Only there wasn't money enough to take me along."

"In my case, it wasn't typhoid or a trip to Europe," Pete said, his face darkening. "We couldn't meet the mortgage on our house, and the bank took the place over last month. Dad's not had a job since the mills shut down a year ago, and neither Bob nor I could get any work in town. We pestered enough people about it, too." His short laugh was bitter for a seventeen-year-old boy.

"Luckily, my grandmother up in Connecticut, offered to take my mother and the two girls," he added, trying for a lighter tone. "And Bob got a chance at a job in New York, through a cousin of ours, so Dad went along, too. And Uncle Roger asked me here."

A step behind them made all three turn that way expectantly. A man with graying hair, which still showed unmistakable traces of the family color, stood in the doorway, lighting a short, well-blackened pipe.

"Making plans?" he inquired cheerfully.

"Well, we hadn't got as far as that yet," Sandra answered. "Besides, I guess maybe we thought you might have something to say about it first."

"Of course you all knew, before you came down here," their uncle said thoughtfully, "that there can't be any regular school this winter. Nearest schools I know of are in Miami, and that's twenty miles north, over rotten sand roads. But, if I understand it correctly, Pete here graduated from high school last spring, and Steve has been forbidden to do much studying anyhow, for some months to come." Both boys nodded, and the older man's eyes moved on to Sandra.

"It's a bit hard on Sandra, perhaps, but you can all browse in my library which is fairly well stocked, whenever I'm not actually working. I usually write in the morning, early. But I recommend that all three of you stay out-of-doors as much as possible; swim, sail, fish, and do some beach-hiking when it's not too hot. Which of you knows anything about a boat?"

"I do, sir," Pete said. "We're not far, at home, from the Delaware, as you may remember. I've sailed a cat for years, and I'm a pretty fair swimmer."

I CAN swim, too," Stephen declared. "But that was learned in a pool, and I've never handled a sailboat. Reckon it won't come hard, though, if Pete and you will lend a hand."

"That's good," Roger said heartily. "What about you, Sandra? There's not much sailing in Kansas, is there?"

"No, and this is the very first time I've even seen the sea," Sandra agreed. She made a rather shame-faced little grimace, and her cheeks flushed. "And now that I've seen it, Uncle Roger, I'm just plain scared of it," she confessed. "How—how on earth do you get a boat out through those big waves, anyhow?"

Roger pointed toward a long white line of surf that was breaking several hundred yards out from shore.

"There's a sand bar out there," he explained. "It's only under water in very high tides—usually in the fall. You can see, it forms a sort of breakwater, and we don't get the heavy rollers except in storms. It's easy enough to launch a boat at this point. You'll see."

Sandra shivered unconsciously, and the others laughed.

"And you a red Carreau!" her uncle said in an amused tone. "What's that old bit of family doggerel, about the redheads in each generation?"

It was Pete who quoted it, as if he liked the sound of the familiar old rhyme:

"Carreaus in each generation be
"Black and redheads equally;
"But the red Carreas to danger turn
"As sparks fly up when fires burn."

"It was a mistake, my having red hair," Sandra said with mournful conviction.

"Well, if you're not all too tired after traveling so far," Roger suggested, "this is a fine day for your first sail in Florida waters. We might put in some fishing, too, if you'd care about it."

Both boys nodded emphatic approval, but Sandra's flush deepened.

"I guess I—I've come farther than the boys," she said slowly. "Three days and nights on trains, Uncle Roger. If you don't mind—I've some unpacking to do."

Pete gave her a surprised look, and his lip curled faintly, but he made no other comment. He was used to sisters who did all the things the boys of the family did, as a matter of course.

"Sure you won't mind being left, then, my dear, for a few hours?" Roger asked. "Of course you won't be alone, as the old negro couple who take care of me down here, have a cabin a few hundred yards back of the shack, and you can call on them for anything you want. Otherwise, our nearest neighbors are Miami twenty miles north, and the Coast Guard station about six miles down the beach to the south."

OH, I won't mind in the least," Sandra declared lightly, her cheeks still hot. She had seen that quick little twist of Pete's mouth, and it had stung.

The idea of deep-sea fishing had so fired both boys with enthusiasm that, after a little discussion, it was decided black Aunt Viney should put them up a hurried lunch of sandwiches, and they would make a start at once, while the tide served for launching the small cat-boat that was drawn up on the beach, her anchor buried deep in the sand to hold against high tides.

She was not a large sailboat, but she had been built, as Roger explained with pride, by one of the finest boat-builders on the coast. Sandra eyed her with unspoken dismay. That tiny, graceful thing might be all right on a lake, or small river, but as a sea-going craft—

She went down to the beach, and watched them push her off,

By MARGUERITE ASPINWALL

Illustrated by Henrietta McCaig Starrett

Roger and Pete wading out into the low surf, waist-deep, until the boat was finally afloat.

They waved to her gayly, as the sail filled, and the *Gull* began to slip away from shore with gathering speed. Sandra walked back to the shack, to eat in solitary state the tempting lunch Aunt Viney had waiting for her.

Aunt Viney's husband, old Uncle Josh, had taken the flivver that had brought them all down from Miami, and gone back over the same route to fetch their luggage, for which there had been no room in the little car that morning.

Fortunately, Uncle Roger had warned them that they needed nothing but sweaters, rough clothes and bathing suits, and that trunks were almost impossible of transportation from Miami to the shack.

THEY had made room on the first trip, however, for Sandra's smallest suitcase, and when lunch was over, she went up to her little raftered room that looked out through three wide, low windows, over a wonderful expanse of endless blue water, touched with tossing white. Here she unpacked as much of her wardrobe as had accompanied her, and stowed it away in the tiny closet. Then, feeling rather at a loose end, in a strange house with no one to talk to, she decided to take a book out to one of the long, canvas beach-chairs on the porch.

She felt drowsy, after so much traveling, and when only a few pages had been turned, her lids drooped over her



SIX HOURS EARLIER THEY HAD BEEN STRANGERS TO EACH OTHER AND TO THIS ENCHANTED SPOT

eager brown eyes. She really had been tired by the journey.

Her wrist watch had said three when she last looked at it; and when she opened her eyes, after that long, delicious sleep, it was after five, and the whole character of the bright summer-like day had changed.

The ocean had turned from blue to a dark slate gray, and the waves were coming in with a heavy, pounding roar she had not heard before. The sun was hidden by clouds that seemed to hang very low, and there was a strong wind blowing, carrying the spray so far inshore that Sandra felt it wet and salty on her cheek.

She called for Aunt Viney, and ran indoors, making for the small wooden lean-to at the back that served the shack for kitchen. The little bent-over black woman was standing outside the door, her starched apron and the long ends of the gay bandanna about her head blowing in the wind, as she shielded her old eyes, and stared seaward.

"They aren't back yet," the girl said with a gasping breath. "And a dreadful storm is coming."

The woman gave a start at the sound of her voice, but she spoke soothingly. "Now, Miss Sandry, don' yo' fret 'bout dem none. Dey'll be 'long now, any minute, yo'll see."

"But—they can't beach the boat now—not in those waves," Sandra protested.

And at that moment, with all the fierce suddenness of tropical storms, the rain fell, driving them both hastily inside the shack door. It fell in long, slanting walls of solid water, so it seemed to Sandra, and the wind had begun to wail in a high, frightening voice overhead.

JOSH ain't come back neither," Aunt Viney muttered uneasily. "Ef'n dis rain keeps up, de roads won't be passable—not tonight, dey won't. He'll have to stay in Miami."

Sandra, deep in her own worries, scarcely heard her. She went back to the front room, and with difficulty, against the strong push of the wind, managed to close the front door of the shack. Then, for the next five minutes, both she and Aunt Viney were busy scurrying about to shut stubbornly-resisting windows upstairs and down.

Sandra followed the old woman about helplessly, as she went from room to room. What happened to a little cat-boat in a wild sea like the one she caught glimpses of through the windows? Those gray mountains of white-capped water were crashing on the beach below now, with a shock that shook the walls of the shack.

Aunt Viney finally retired to her kitchen, and Sandra, unable to keep away from the windows, drew a chair nearer, and sat down to stare out, wide-eyed and miserable, into the

storm. The wind seemed to be blowing harder all the time.

Time dragged by on leaden feet. The hands of her wrist watch touched six, then seven, and finally—when it was entirely dark and she had finished pretending to eat her dinner—eight o'clock.

"If we only had a telephone, Aunt Viney," she said, appearing suddenly in the kitchen door, "we could call up Miami, and try to have a boat sent out to look for them.

We've simply got to do something. Or if the car was here, I could go for help."

"Not in dis storm, you couldn't," Aunt Viney said positively. "Roads'll all be washed out. Dey ain't nothin' but sand tracks fo' half de way."

SANDRA went back to her useless watch at the window. She could see nothing outside now, but the thunder of the great waves on the beach kept shaking the shack, and rain beat against the panes. If she could only do something! Fiercely she fought down the thought of the *Gull* at the mercy of that terrifying sea.

Nine o'clock, ten—half-past ten. It would be too late for help by this time, she thought drearily. Then an idea flashed into her mind. She got to her feet and went to the kitchen.

"Aunt Viney, Uncle Roger spoke of a Coast Guard station about six miles south. Is there a road to it from here?"

"Road winds a lot inland," the other said. "Fifteen miles dat way, easy, honey. Yo' suttinly couldn't walk it tonight."

"I could walk six miles along the beach," Sandra said, her lips tightening, "and if I kept to the beach I couldn't lose my way, either."

Aunt Viney cried out in horrified protest, but the girl walked back to the other room, and upstairs, a new resolution in her step. There'd be a telephone, or wireless, at the Coast Guard station.

Her heart was pounding, and her cheeks had lost color. She kept seeing those three faces that had been strangers to her before this morning—Uncle Roger, Stephen, Pete. Pete, at least, wouldn't expect any action from her that required courage.

When she was ready, she caught sight of an old pull-on sweater of Roger's, and drew it on for added warmth. There was a flashlight on a table near the door, and she slipped it into one pocket, on her way out. Easier to carry than a lantern. Aunt Viney burst into trembling tears and lamentations, as Sandra let herself out into the storm.

For a long moment, when the (*Continued on page 48*)



CLUTCHING THE
MAN'S DRIPPING
OILSKIN SLEEVE,
SANDRA GASPED
OUT HER STORY

Women in Advertising

A successful advertising woman discusses the many types of work in this field

NOWADAYS, most of us read the advertising pages of our magazines and newspapers almost as carefully as we do the stories and articles. That's because we recognize that advertising is news, too. It tells us about the inventions of science in a very practical way, showing us how we can use them in our homes to make housekeeping easier, or to improve our own personal appearance.

There is one fundamental difference between the advertising of the past twenty-five years and that which preceded it. Formerly advertising consisted in telling people where they could buy products which they already used and wanted. In recent years, it has become increasingly the function of advertising to create new wants—to change the living habits, as well as the buying habits of the consuming public.

The woman whose thumb was blistered beating angel food cake had to be told that she could buy an electric food mixer which would not only save time and trouble but make a better cake. The man who had jogged along behind old Dobbin in perfect contentment needed a lot of convincing before he turned Dobbin out to grass and bought the family an automobile. If today we clean our houses with vacuum cleaners, freeze our desserts in iceless refrigerators, and bathe in porcelain tubs, we must give a large part of the credit to advertising.

Perhaps you know that nearly ninety per cent of all purchases are made by women. They buy for their houses, their children, and their husbands, as well as for themselves. That is why most advertising is planned to appeal directly to women; and because women are especially successful in judging what will interest their own sex, there have been many successful women in the advertising business.

There are so many different forms of advertising it is hard to know what to consider first. Advertising appears in magazines, newspapers, theatre programs; on billboards and in our street cars; it reaches your home in the little folders sent out by many stores with their bills, and it frequently greets you from the screen of the movie.

Perhaps we may as well start with the newspaper announcements in which stores tell you about the new dresses and hats and shoes they are offering for sale. Usually there is an illustration as well as text in these advertisements. The person who draws the picture is called a commercial artist; and if you have a talent for drawing, this may be the part of advertising which interests you most. A great many girls who could never hope to paint a famous portrait are extreme-



IT MAY NOT HAVE OCCURRED TO YOU WHEN YOU WERE ENJOYING YOUR VACATION, THAT YOU WERE ALSO STORING UP USEFUL INFORMATION FOR A FUTURE CAREER

ly clever at drawing or painting pictures for advertising.

Girls who have a natural facility in the use of words, who can dash off good themes quickly or write the class plays, sometimes develop into excellent advertising writers. If you want to write advertising copy, ask yourself first if you have an interesting way of describing the things you see, and if you get a thrill out of convincing other people.

ALTHOUGH the picture and the text are the obvious parts of an advertisement—either in the newspapers or the magazines—they are by no means the only kinds of work women do in the advertising business. Many of the large agencies employ women to decide in which newspapers and magazines the advertising is to appear. This is called "buying space" and it is a very important part of the service an agency renders its clients. You can see that if your message is supposed to be read by women, it would be silly to insert it in a magazine read only by men. Of course, that is an extreme example, but with all the periodicals there are in the United States, you can well imagine it requires a great deal of knowledge and shrewd judgment to be sure that the advertiser puts his advertisement in exactly the right ones. A girl who is good at analyzing tables of figures and has a natural gift for mathematics, would be the type who would be likely to succeed in this work. Accuracy is of prime importance here, because a small mistake in computing costs may result in the loss of many dollars to your employers.

The research departments of publications and advertising agencies offer excellent opportunities to those who revel in

statistics and are clever at personal interviews. Whenever you read an advertisement which says "87 out of 100 housewives prefer xyz powder" you may be sure that a corps of pleasant, bright-eyed young women has been making a research survey of the likes and dislikes of typical housewives. Such work is hard but interesting, and it gives a background of knowledge which is extremely valuable to the girl who wants to write advertisements which will appeal to these same housewives.

There are many women who are known as "advertising representatives." They are employed by magazines or newspapers to go around and tell advertisers and advertising agencies about the good points of the publication they represent, and to secure advertisements for insertion in it. As a rule, this work is done on a commission basis—the advertising representative receives a certain percentage of the money paid the publication for the advertisements secured through his, or her efforts. Women have no special advantage in this field—in fact, they probably have a slightly harder time than men who do similar work; but if you make friends easily and don't mind being turned away again and again, you may succeed. Girls who live in small communities and know personally the merchants upon whom they call, would have a better chance to succeed here.

UNLESS you are very much interested in clothes and really have a flair for them, you are unlikely to succeed in fashion advertising and merchandising. The women who write about the new costumes for big department stores, or who write the text for the national advertising of manufacturers of fashion merchandise, are known as fashion experts. They must keep in touch with all the advance reports from Paris and our own largest fashion centers. They must know how to distinguish between the "false alarms," and the really important new fashion trends. Frequently, they are asked to select the merchandise, as well as to write about it. Some of these women are employed by manufacturers, and not only prepare booklets and advertisements for them, but arrange for fashion shows, superintend the making of fashion photographs, and see that they receive publicity in the newspapers. In this work, women have a natural advantage over men and are, on the whole, much more successful at it.

There are, of course, many other positions in the advertising business. The woman who has become an expert in some special line and also has a general knowledge of business usually sets as her goal the

By LAURA ELLSWORTH

Decorations by Addison Burbank

advertising management of a retail or wholesale firm, or the position of executive in an advertising agency, or head of the advertising department of a newspaper or magazine. Women are doing all these things and doing them admirably, but such positions are the reward for many years of work well done.

If you are interested in advertising as a possible career, you will find it helpful to study economics in general, and any special courses which have to do with the distribution of merchandise from the time it is manufactured until it reaches the hands of the final consumer. Many girls who study Home Economics find work with the manufacturers of food products and household equipment.

PSYCHOLOGY is particularly useful because it teaches you to understand human reactions. Some of the largest advertising agencies regularly employ psychologists as consultants. If you want to *write* advertising—to be a "copy writer"—you will naturally try to study as much English as possible, with special emphasis on descriptive and expository composition. It is helpful to select advertisements which you consider poor, and see just how you could improve them and make them more effective. Discuss with other girls the advertisements in the magazines, and try to find out why they like some, and do not like others. If you have a chance, write the advertisements for the school paper, or the Class Book.

Art School is the place to develop a talent for drawing. If you want to sketch fashions, you will need practice in drawing from life, as well as help in learning to distinguish the essential "lines" of the dress, hat, or shoe which you are illustrating. Some of the finest fashion artists give an impression of great smartness with very few lines—but each line is exactly *right*!

Since advertising is a business which deals directly with people and their wants, the more you know about people—all kinds—the better your chance of planning effective campaigns of advertising. For this reason, it is a great asset if you are naturally a friendly person, interested in other people more than in yourself. The better you understand people—what they like and how they feel—the more apt you are to get along well with them, and this is essential in any business. The wider your own interests, the more diversified your experiences in life, the greater will be your contribution to any work you do. It may never occur to you when your family plans a vacation trip through (*Continued on page 40*)



MANY GIRLS WHO COULD NEVER PAINT A FAMOUS PORTRAIT ARE REALLY CLEVER AT MAKING PICTURES FOR ADVERTISING

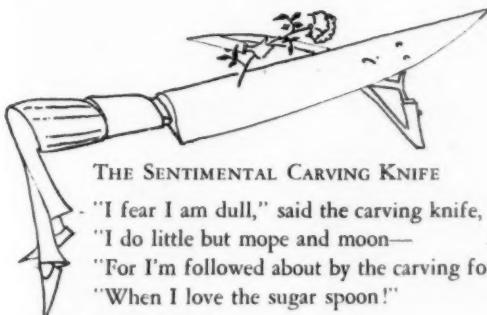
Household Rhyme

11首

+ The Kitchen +

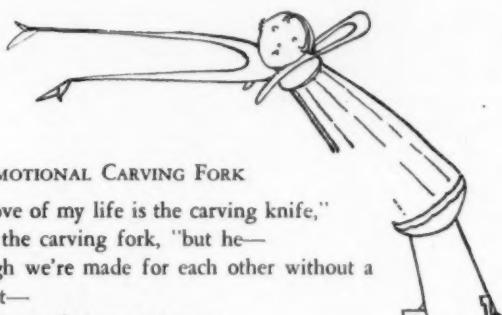
By Hamilton Williamson

Pictures by Fanny Warren



THE SENTIMENTAL CARVING KNIFE

"I fear I am dull," said the carving knife,
"I do little but mope and moon—
"For I'm followed about by the carving fork
"When I love the sugar spoon!"



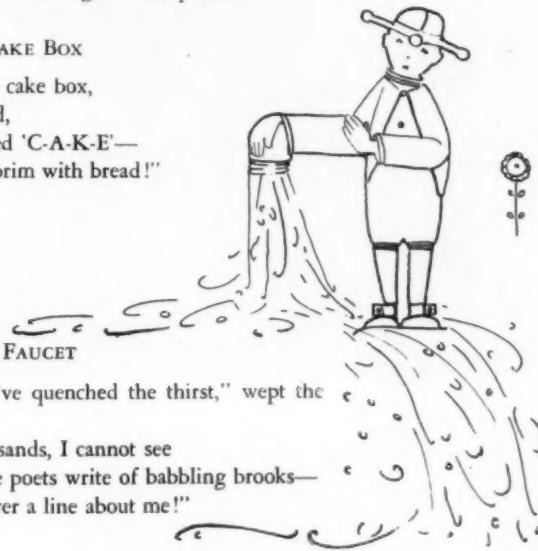
THE EMOTIONAL CARVING FORK

"The love of my life is the carving knife,"
Sighed the carving fork, "but he—
"Though we're made for each other without a
doubt—
"Is cutting and sharp with me."



THE BAD TEMPERED CAKE BOX

"I'm furious," cried the cake box,
"I'm almost off my head,
"For I stand here labeled 'C-A-K-E'—
"And I'm filled to the brim with bread!"

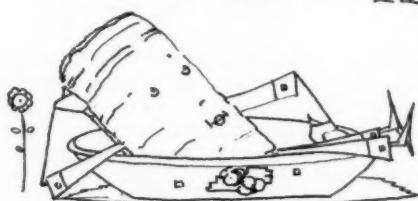


THE SAD FAUCET

"When I've quenched the thirst," wept the
faucet,
"Of thousands, I cannot see
"Why the poets write of babbling brooks—
"And never a line about me!"

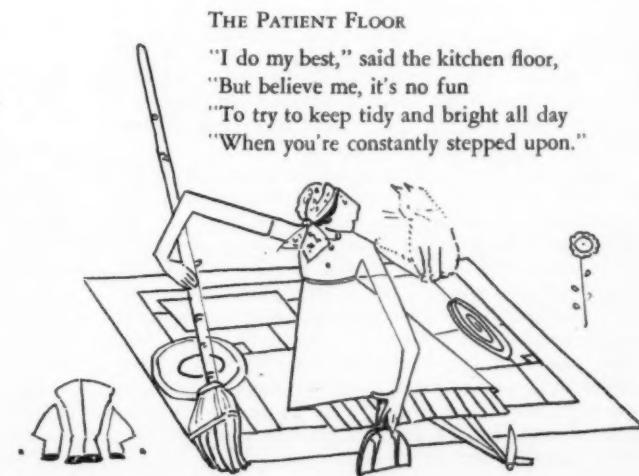
THE PUZZLED TWINE

A ball of twine, quite mystified,
Inquired, "What can it be
"A fellow means by the foolish
phrase,
"Oh come, you're stringing me!"



THE AMBITIOUS CEREAL

"I have an idea," said the breakfast food,
"That I would be a winner,
"If they'd give me a touch of Frenchy style,
"And dress me up for dinner."



THE PATIENT FLOOR

"I do my best," said the kitchen floor,
"But believe me, it's no fun
"To try to keep tidy and bright all day
"When you're constantly stepped upon."



THE GIRL'S WIDENING EYES FILLED WITH HORROR. WAS THAT ANOTHER TEAM RUNNING BESIDE HER IN THE GLOOM?

PART II

Synopsis: This is the story of Claire Jameson, an Alaskan girl, who was taught to drive sled-dogs by Jake Connolley, the best driver in the North. Jake had been drowned, shortly before the story opens, and Claire Jameson's skill with huskies had become a proverb.

Claire, who lived with her grandmother and her brother, Dr. Peter Jameson, planned to enter her string of dogs in the great Totem Pole race, with Henry Tensee to drive for her. Visiting her neighbors at Frozen Bend, she learned that Tensee, who was out hauling freight, was overdue; and that the community was in great alarm over a pack of "ghost dogs," seven white huskies which were haunting the freight trails and making short work of dog-teams. Some people called the invaders "wolves," others were convinced that they were supernatural manifestations. On arriving home, Claire found Henry Tensee there, rescued by the aviator, Hans Larsen. He had encountered the "ghost dogs" and they had destroyed his team.

Keeper of

Claire has a sinister encounter

NO ONE moved as the man finished speaking. Claire felt stinging tears behind her eyelids, the only sign by which she could ever distinguish her own peculiar reaction to fear. She had known Henry Tensee all her life; in fact, she had grown up with him, but the man who stood now in the doorway was a stranger to her. She shivered. Peter Jameson recovered first and moved forward swiftly to support Tensee who wavered and seemed about to fall, while Hans Larsen, always slow in his movements, drew his foot from the wood basket.

"Some one must go to tell Mrs. Tensee," Claire found herself saying, as the doctor and patient disappeared into Gran's chamber. "I'll go," she announced almost at once, realizing with sudden scorn that she was reluctant to set forth alone with her team, now that Henry had so terrifyingly established his story.

"No," Hans said, and his quiet voice allowed no dispute.



the Wolves

and faces great peril on the trail

"I will go. It's best she doesn't see him tonight." He disappeared, to return a moment later dressed for the trail. "Is your team fresh?" he asked the girl.

"Fresh enough. Wait a minute, Hans, I'm going with you."

"No!" Again the tone was adamant. Hans opened the door and stepped out into the storm that drove a shower of snowflakes into his face, and past him into the room.

Namak, the Indian woman, appeared silently. Habitually she wore a look so sullen that among the townsfolk of Frozen Bend she was known as the "Ill Wind." No one had ever seen her smile, yet to Claire, who had known her from childhood, she seemed pleasant and cheerful. Her large eyes were set far apart beneath a broad forehead. Close observation revealed that a scar disfigured her upper lip. When she spoke, her lips scarcely moved, and Claire had decided long since, to her own satisfaction, that Namak

By NORMA BICKNELL MANSFIELD

Illustrations by Joseph Stahley

withheld her smile through fear of making the scar more noticeable. Noiseless as her entrance had been, the girl sensed her presence and turned; but before she could speak, Peter reappeared.

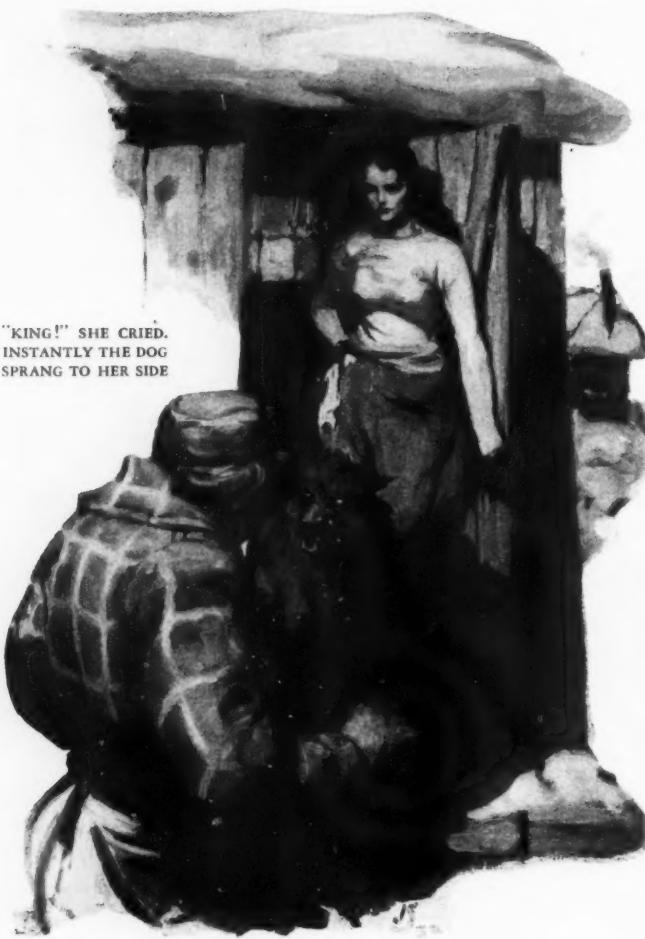
"Henry wants a word with you, Sis," he said.

"If it's his intention to frighten that child," Gran began sharply, entering the room from the kitchen where she had supervised the last-minute preparations for dinner, "he can't see her."

It was the doctor, rather than the grandson, who replied. "He has something he wants to say, and he won't sleep until he's said it."

Claire slipped past her brother and into the bedroom. She was relieved to see that Henry Tensee looked more natural. Pete had put him to bed this time, and tucked him in; the white sheets were no whiter than his face, but his eyes had regained something of their accustomed fearless depth.

"Sorry I scared you, Pink," he said at once, his tone still husky and unnatural. "Sit down. I met Tel Patrick in town,



"KING!" SHE CRIED.
INSTANTLY THE DOG
SPRANG TO HER SIDE

and he wanted me to tell you he was stopping by, on his way through with the mail, to look over your dogs. One of his huskies faded out on him last trip; he needs a substitute."

"He can't have it," Claire said promptly. "Not one of my dogs, he can't!" Henry's grin did much to make him familiar again to the girl. "Tel Patrick kills his dogs; and I've told him so, often enough to let him know what I think of him as a musher. If there's a more brutal driver on the trail, I've yet to see him. Why, I wouldn't sell that mailman a pet dog made of rags, Hank."

YOU'RE sure the fact that Tel beat you in that last race hasn't prejudiced you?"

"Certainly not!" Claire cried hotly. "But the fact that two of his dogs lay down and died the next week does!"

"Well, don't wipe your feet on me," Hank protested. "I don't like him, either. I said I'd deliver his message, and I have. But I'll tell you one thing, Pink. If I were you, I wouldn't antagonize that man. He's a bad one, get him mad."

"I'm worse," replied Claire.

"Don't I know it?" the young man retorted fervently. "Run along. I'm taking the sleep of the just now, for about twenty-four hours." Claire ran along obligingly, but at the door Henry's voice stayed her.

"Listen, Pink," his tone was so insistent she returned to the bed and stared down at him intently. "Tell me honestly, what do you think I saw?" His face was earnest, his manner pleading; for the first time in her life, Claire could not reassure him.

"I think you saw a northern mirage," she said. "They happen, you know. I've seen them."

But Henry was not deceived. "My dogs," he said quietly, "are gone. Hans brought in the freight I was hauling. And the sled. But the dogs—" He left the sentence unfinished.

"Wild dogs, maybe. Wolves, perhaps," Claire conceded at last. She deliberately assumed a more cheerful tone. "That was a scrubby team you had, anyway, Hank. Tomorrow, or the next day, we'll pick you out a string from my kennels. A real string. Now go to sleep." Her tone was gentle and firm; her dogs, hearing it, would have obeyed at once. Henry did, too.

BUT long after dinner Claire, pretending to read, sat before the fireplace, her mind on phantom beasts. It was not until Hans had let himself quietly into the house that Peter arose wearily and signified his interest in bed. Hans preceded him, however, and Claire took the moment to question Pete about his day.

"The same old story, Sis," Pete said, in answer to her query. She saw unhappily that his young face was lined with worry. "They don't trust me. They never will, I guess. I get my pills down their throats, but it takes a strong right arm to do it. The Indians are worst, the sourdoughs next, and the townspeople after that, but they're all sure I'm an evil spirit sent from nowhere to lead 'em back."

"I wish I could help," Claire cried passionately. "You do help, Sis, in a thousand ways. They know you and like you. They trust you. More than that, they know your dogs. You've got a kennel full of pups that is famous for more than a hundred miles, and you have a world-beater of a team. What's more, you know how to drive them. Keep it up. Maybe your reputation will steady mine, in time." He gave her a wry smile, and kissed her affectionately. "Cheer up," he said.

"What I need is a good epidemic, but don't tell anyone."

Claire laughed dubiously. It was an old joke with them. When Pete had first returned to Frozen Bend with his new degree, he had asked only that he be allowed to go somewhere to turn the tide of an epidemic. It seemed to be the one reason for taking his degree—until Claire teased him into forgetting about it.

She lay awake long that night and, when she slept, it was to dream of an epidemic, an epidemic of specters, each one wearing the familiar, open face of Henry Tensee.

Claire was never idle. In the days that followed she was busier than ever. It was true that her kennels of huskies were known and patronized by dog mushers for miles around. No sooner had a litter of pups been weaned, than there was a purchaser at hand to take them away from her. Before she sold even the scrubbiest of her pack, however, she discovered to her own satisfaction that the prospective owner was not unreasonably harsh with his dogs. She knew that no one but Jake Connolley and herself had been able to train and drive dog teams without including an occasional thrashing in the teaching, and that a husky did not suffer unduly if the punishment were justly administered—but brutality she regarded with loathing. Sometimes, in odd moments, Claire took time to wonder what special power it was that she possessed. There were, however, few odd moments in her days.

Henry returned to his home within the week following his rescue; Hans took off again through the sky, his destination unnamed; Pete left, to be gone a week, visiting and ministering to Red Stove, a village (*Continued on page 44*)

The Room on the Roof

Joan makes several startling discoveries

Synopsis: This is the story of Joan Brathwayte's extraordinary first days in New York. Joan had come from the Middle West to fill a secretarial position in The East Side Hospital. The arrangements for her living quarters having fallen through, she accepted the offer of a new acquaintance, a Mrs. Embree, to make temporary use of a room on the roof of the apartment house in which Mrs. Embree was living.

It was a comfort to Joan to get in touch with her old friend, Kate Mitchell, though she found the dwellers on the roof diverting. These roof dwellers were mostly servants employed in the house. Among them was a French maid who, when off duty, dressed in the latest fashion. Joan encountered her frequently, and also a cockney house painter, a rather meddlesome fellow. On one occasion, after she had been disturbed in the night by someone falling over the house painter's ladder, left outside her door, she found a handkerchief near the fallen ladder. This was saturated with "Mamzelle's" perfume, and Joan asked the painter to return it to the French girl. Later in the day, to her surprise, the painter brought back the handkerchief.

I BROUGHT this 'andkerchief to the party you mentioned, miss," the painter said. "You'll excuse my 'ands being as they are, I 'ope. She said it was none of 'ers, and for me to bring it back."

"Nonsense," Joan answered brusquely. "It is hers. Certainly it's not mine. I don't want it."

"No, miss?" he said doubtfully. "I told 'er where it was found and she was quite imperious with me. She said why should she go about this end of the hall, she sleeping in quite the other direction? She was very sharp with me, miss. So not

PART V

being me own at all, and 'aving no use for the article, as you might say, I took the liberty of returning it."

"I know nothing whatever about it and I certainly don't want it," Joan answered decidedly. "You can do what you like with it, so far as I'm concerned."

"Yes, miss. Thank you, miss." The painter returned the handkerchief to his pocket. "I can try some of the others. It's not a cheap article at all. May I ask, are you likely to be staying long in the 'ouse, miss?"

At her surprised and offended look, he hurried to explain the reason for his question.

"The reason I ask, miss, is on account of the painting. I 'ad orders to do all this hall, but your room can easy wait



Illustrated by
Harve Stein

By
JOSEPHINE
DASKAM
BACON

JOAN STARED IN AMAZEMENT AT THE FOOTMARK. "HOW COULD THEY GET IN?" SHE THOUGHT. "MY DOOR'S BEEN LOCKED ALL THE TIME!"

if you're leaving. If not, I could arrange to do it during the day—the super has a pass key for all the doors, you know. Only the paint might trouble you, being fresh."

"Oh," she said thoughtfully, "I see. Perhaps you'd better wait a little—I don't expect to be here long. I'll let you know in a few days. Will that do?"

"Very good, miss, any time that suits you," he said promptly. "And there's one thing more! I'd like to get this hall over with, if I could—the super's very particular."

"The super?" she repeated.

"Our name for the superintendent, miss," he explained, smiling. "I was planning on the hall tomorrow night. I thought if maybe you'd be gone by then, I'd do the floor and leave it fresh; but if you was to be here, I'd put a board up on a couple o' bricks, and you could walk on that."

"Oh, I see," she said. "Well, I'll be spending the night with a friend tomorrow night, so you needn't bother about the board on my account." For she had agreed to go to a moving picture with Kate the next night, and go home with her afterwards.

"Then that's all right, miss, and I'll be leaving you now," he said briskly. "Good-night, miss."

Joan undressed thoughtfully. The incident of the handkerchief annoyed her.

"The idea! Of course it was Mamzelle's," she said to herself. "As if I wouldn't know that scent!"

BUT in the morning, when she hurried down the hall with her little overnight bag—a present from her hardly known cousin, Grace—a door at the end of the long corridor opened quickly, and Mamzelle's neat, waved head popped out. At sight of Joan, a broad, flashing smile lit her mobile face; her dark blue eyes danced.

"Aha, Mees Nur-rse!" she cried gayly. "I catch you! I listen for you, and I catch you. I 'ave ze quick ear, an' I know verree well who walks by me. You go away?" she asked curiously, her eyes falling on Joan's bag. "You will not sleep here any more? Zose seek people, zey are well now—is it so?"

All Joan's resentment vanished in the warmth of this picturesque personality. Except in books and on the screen—for there was no theater of importance in Fieldston—she had never seen anybody like this foreign girl.

"Only for the night," she answered smiling. "But I'll only be here a little longer, probably."

"O-oh!" And the bright, dark face clouded. "I am sor-ry about it—I 'ope you should stay. I like you, Mees Nur-rse! We are not many up here, an' you are not like zose girls. You see, I watch an' I say to myself, 'Tiens! She is nicer, zat one—I love her better!'"

This childish frankness could not fail of its appeal. Joan was flattered and showed it.

Suddenly the lady's maid cocked her head to one side and shook her finger, as if warning a child.

"But you are naughtee," she said. "If I scold you, Mees Nur-rse, what you zay, zen? You get mad, eh?"

Joan stared at her, displeased.

"You give zat painter somebody's 'an'kerchief for me, an' e talk an' talk, an' tell me I mus' take it—w'y do I take it when it is not mine? 'Oho!' I say. 'I am to be a tief, is zat so? Police will come after me, will zey? Not on your life!'"

She scowled and her black brows met.

"You can't fool Franch girl like zat, Mr. Englishman, I tell 'im. Franch girls are honest. I work 'ard an' I can buy my own 'an'kerchiefs."

"But I thought, Mamzelle—" Joan began, the name slipping out unconsciously. "You see, I knew—"

"Look! 'Ere is my 'an'kerchief!" the girl cried, pulling out from her belt a large, blue-bordered square. "An' some are red, an' some are—oh, all colors. I 'ave plenty—see?"

She shook the handkerchief in Joan's face and a strong odor of attar-of-roses filled the air.

Joan sniffed it doubtfully.

"E makes me seek—silly Englishman!" Mamzelle said scornfully. "You mind your beezness, and I mind mine, see?" I told him. "W'en I want presents, I ask you, see?"

Joan turned to go, confused at this foolish situation, and



vexed at having been drawn into a servants' stupid quarrel.

"I must go. I'm late," she said awkwardly.

But the French girl's face changed suddenly; she burst into a rich chuckle of laughter.

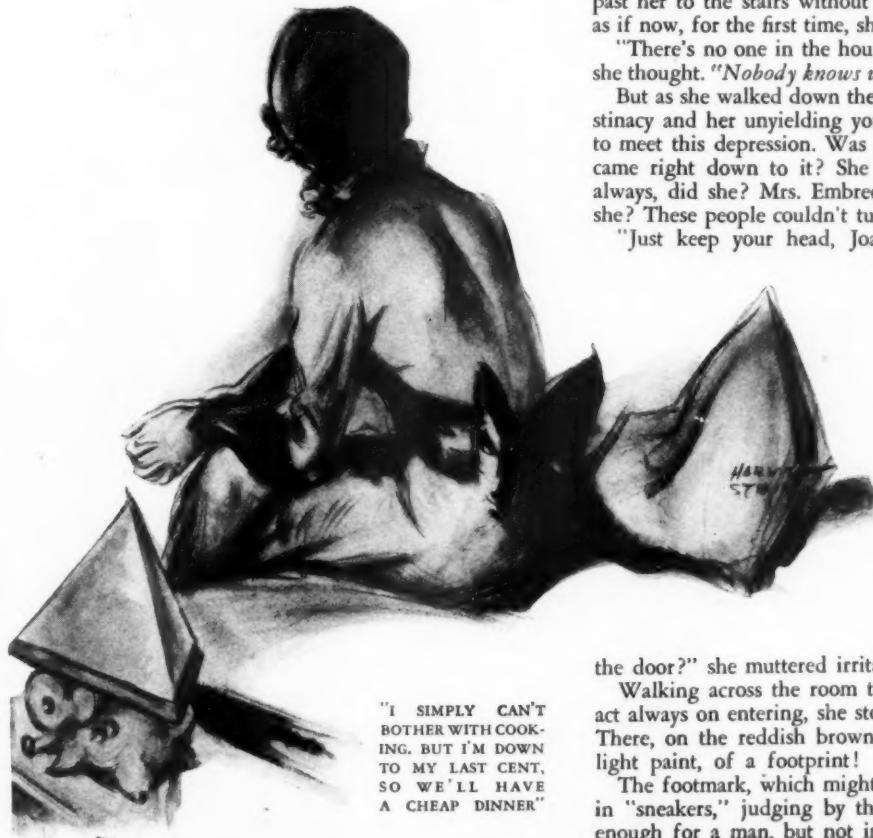
"E is such a funnee little man!" she explained. "Always putting ze nose into ev'ryting! I laugh out at his face! I die laughing!"

And Joan, giggling with her in spite of herself, hurried down the stairs, completely won again by this piquant, amusing creature.

Her work went easily today, the files were all in shape, and the doctor's haughty assistant unbent and actually thanked her for helping with a frightened, hysterical Italian mother. Kate came as her first guest to dinner at a little tea room suggested by the New York girl, and the "talkie" they chose was exceptionally good. She enjoyed the cozy double room, where she slept in Janie's bed and Kate, in a kimono, prepared a sumptuous breakfast with little sausages and toasted muffins.

It was Saturday, and the office closed at one, so, as Sandy Marshall who had invited Joan for dinner didn't expect her until after six, she decided to carry home her bag, change into a prettier dress, and take this opportunity of inquiring after Mr. Embree and thanking Mrs. Embree for her kindness. Although common sense warned her that even a vacancy in Sandy's flat would never convince her mother of its being a practical place for her to live, Joan could not resist the desire to see what Sandy had to say, before going to Miss Brett for advice. Sandy was sure to have some brilliant suggestion, she was sure.

After waiting at Miss Richards's door for some time, she heard a slow, dragging step, and the door was opened cautiously to present a neat, gray haired, spectacled head.



"Yes? They're not at home," said an impatient voice.

"I just called to ask after Mr. Embree," Joan began meekly. "I'm Miss Brathwayte—who has the room on the roof," she added.

"Oh, the nurse, you mean," said the woman. "Embree's has left. It's Hopkins that's here now!"

"Left?" Joan repeated vaguely. "You mean for good?"

"Left day before yesterday morning," the woman replied. "He was too bad off for taking care of at home, and the other nurse wanted a hospital bed for 'im. The girl that was here told about you staying a day or so, and Mrs. Hopkins said it would be all right. But as soon as it's convenient, she'd like the room for trunks, she told me to say."

WHAT hospital could I—" Joan faltered.

"I don't know no more than the dead," said the woman flatly. "Just the hospital, the girl said. Mrs. Hopkins, she rented through an agent—maybe he'd know. 'Twas all kind of upset like. But the girl told me it was understood about the trained nurse being in the room, and we shan't use it only for trunks and such. I s'pose you'll leave us the key when you go?"

"Yes, I will. Thank you. I'm sorry about Mr. Embree," Joan began, confused.

"Yes, I never saw him," said the woman without interest. "I'll tell Mrs. Hopkins you'll be leaving the key. Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon," said Joan and the door closed.

It was a very depressed girl that entered the lift, sharing it for the first time with another passenger—a tall, handsome, noticeably well-dressed woman with a tiny Pekinese dog on a smart leather leash.

They got out together on the top floor, and the woman turned, questioningly, as if to greet her, but Joan brushed past her to the stairs without a look. It seemed, somehow, as if now, for the first time, she was entirely alone!

"There's no one in the house who knows me—no one!" she thought. "*Nobody knows who I am!*"

But as she walked down the familiar hall, her natural obstinacy and her unyielding youth and health rose in a tide to meet this depression. Was she any worse off, when you came right down to it? She never intended to live here always, did she? Mrs. Embree was no friend of hers, was she? These people couldn't turn her out, could they?

"Just keep your head, Joany. It's all right!" she admonished herself. "You can speak to Dr. Becker tomorrow, you know, if you have to."

The paint on the hall floor was evidently dry, for there was no board laid there. Fitting her key, which turned with surprising ease—usually it stuck a little stiffly—into the lock, she threw the door open with an unexpected bang, as it whirled about on its hinges and clattered against the wall.

"What's happened to the door?" she muttered irritably.

Walking across the room to open the window, her first act always on entering, she stopped and stared at the floor. There, on the reddish brown rug, was the clear mark, in light paint, of a footprint!

The footprint, which might have been made by someone in "sneakers," judging by the flat, broad heel, was large enough for a man, but not impossibly large for a woman with an unusually big foot. (*Continued on page 33*)

"A Girl Scout's Day"



"BUN" ENJOYS LIFE—AND HIS OWNER FINDS HIM A MOST DELIGHTFUL PET



THIS SLIM BEAUTY OF A HUNTER IS A FRIEND ANY GIRL WOULD BE PROUD OF



EVERY DOG MUST HAVE HIS DAY—AND ONE OF HIS BEST DAYS IS WHEN HE MAKES FRIENDS WITH A GIRL SCOUT

A SETTER PUP IS A FRIEND TO GIRL SCOUTS AND TO ALL MANKIND AS WELL—THAT IS HIS FIRST AND LAST LAW



A COLLIE IS A WORKING DOG, AND THIS ONE SEEMS TO FEEL THAT "HE WHO WORKS SHOULD GET A GOOD SOLID MEAL"

Scout is a Friend to Animals"

—So runs the sixth law of the Girl Scouts—



THERE IS NOTHING QUITE EQUAL TO THE THRILL OF STARTING OFF ON AN UNKNOWN TRAIL WITH A HORSE WHO ENJOYS EXPLORING EVERY BIT AS MUCH AS YOU DO



THIS SCOTTIE KNOWS
VERY WELL HIS MISSUS
HASN'T GOT A SINGLE
THING FOR HIM—HE'S
JUST BEING POLITE



THIS LITTLE GIRL IS
NOT A GIRL SCOUT YET,
BUT SHE IS CERTAINLY
A FRIEND TO ANIMALS



THREE VELVET NOSES
NUZZLING ROUND FOR
A SWEET JUICY APPLE

1934—A New Year, *With people everywhere going back to work, Girl Scouts*

HANDICRAFT EXHIBITION OF TROOP 1 OF BOHEMIA, LONG ISLAND. LAMPS WERE MADE OF JARS, AND OF GOURDS. HONEYSUCKLE VINES AND PINE NEEDLES WERE USED IN BASKETRY, AND NECKS OF GOURDS WERE USED TO MAKE NAPKIN RINGS



HERE IS A BROWNIE WHO CAN ARRANGE A TRAY THAT WOULD TEMPT ANY ONE TO EAT



OUR STAR REPORTER

Don't forget that the best news report on Girl Scout activities is published in this space each month. The writer, who is the Star Reporter of the month, receives a book as an award. For the Star Reporter's Box, your story should contain no less than two hundred words, no more than three hundred. It should answer the questions: What was the event? When did it happen? Who took part? What made it interesting?

CAROLYN and HELEN HAGER of Troop Five, Bronxville, New York, have the honor of being named Star Reporters for January. Carolyn and Helen write:

"We had spent the summer in California, and were to fly home to New York over the Transcontinental Western Airline, which covers the central part of the United States. Before we left, an officer of the company took us all over the Glendale airport, from which we were to take off.

"It was a very foggy morning, and we had to climb thirteen thousand feet in the first thirty minutes. Just after we crossed the Colorado River, the air grew very bumpy, due to heat waves from the desert below us.

"Our ship, a tri-motored monoplane, carrying twelve passengers, a pilot and a co-pilot, was equipped with radio. After a short time, the pilot came back to point out Meteor Crater and the Painted Desert, and he let us listen on the earphones. We could hear the co-pilot talking to the ground stations.

"Albuquerque, our first stop, had a station like an Indian pueblo. Going over Texas in the afternoon, the flocks of white hens on the ranches were more easily distinguished than the herds of cattle. When dark came, the gas from the exhausts on both sides of the plane showed blue and yellow, although during the day we couldn't see it. We flew above a line of beacons, the 'lighthouses of the air.'

"In the morning, we woke to find ourselves flying into the most gorgeous sunrise. Clouds were all around, but through rifts we could see the city lights still shining on the ground. Later, we saw another kind of clouds—Pittsburgh smoke!

"At noon we landed at Newark, having crossed from ocean to ocean in less than twenty-five hours."

NOW the holidays are over and we're all buckling down to work again, determined to make 1934 the best and busiest year of our lives. Girl Scouts and Girl Scout leaders are thinking over troop projects these days, asking themselves how to earn money for registration fees, uniforms, summer camping, new spring curtains for the Little House—for all the hundred and one things a troop needs money in order to accomplish. If your troop has found some fine new plan which works, we hope you'll write us about it, so that we can pass the good news along.

When Earning Money Is Fun

DECORAH, IOWA: On Friday night, September eighth, 1933, the Girl Scouts of Decorah, through the efforts of the Community Committee, presented their second annual pet show.

The main attraction was, of course, the review of the pets. This took place on a platform built on the spacious lawn of the H. B. Montgomery home. The pets, entered by boys and girls of all ages, were varied and amusing. The children brought cats, dogs, birds, fish and even ponies as their favorite pets. A Scotch lassie escorted her Scottie puppy. Poll parrot was carried by a "Gob," and one girl dressed in a hunting suit trailed her coon dog across the stage. A white goose, with a huge blue bow around his neck, waddled unwillingly behind a small goose-girl. One boy, whose goat refused to cross the platform, enticed it across with a nursing bottle filled with milk, much to the merriment of the audience. And so on through the evening boys and girls wheeled, led, and carried large and small pets—forty in all—before a very appreciative audience. The judges had a hard time awarding prizes to the six winners.

Refreshments were served at booths scattered about, and the Municipal Band played between the two reviews, and afterwards the prizes were awarded.

After the Girl Scouts had sung a few songs, they went home to dream of green dogs chasing pink cats up purple trees, and to look forward to the next pet show. Because almost everything from the lights over our heads to the planks under our feet was donated, the show was a financial success, as well as loads of fun."

Troop 3

PATRICIA DARLING

A Busy Year—1934

are accepting their share of the new responsibilities



A Ten-Cent Sale

TOLEDO, OHIO: My troop, which meets at Nathan Hale School, needed to earn some money for registration fees. Our leader suggested about two months before Christmas that we have a ten-cent sale, which we did. First we started to prepare for it. The articles we made were useful things for the home, and doll clothes. These are the things we made: clothespin bags, pot holders, which were very popular, shoe bags, and dust cloths. We had a jam cupboard and a baked-goods counter, also. For the dolls we made blankets, clothes, sheets and pillow-cases, pajamas, sweaters, patchwork quilts, and bedspreads. We had a doll show and blue ribbons were given for first prize and red ones for second prize.

We took turns selling from ten o'clock in the morning, until about five-thirty in the afternoon. The troop made twenty-seven dollars, which was more than enough to pay for registrations, so we plan to buy a chest in which to keep troop equipment.

Troop 18

NANCY NYQUIST

A Cookie Drive

UNION, NEW JERSEY: The Girl Scout troops in Union have just concluded a most successful Cookie Drive. One of New Jersey's largest bakeries made up a nine-ounce box of assorted cookies, each box to be sold for twenty-five cents, of which thirteen cents went to the bakery and the other twelve cents to the Scout fund.

There are seven troops in Union, and early in October the sample packages were distributed and the girls started out to get orders. The bakery had promised a nice prize to the girl who sold the most boxes, and by the end of the week 1182 boxes had been sold, with the result that the bakery decided to give two prizes; and the Community Committee also gave a prize. The girls found this Cookie Drive lots of fun.

Troop 3

MURPLE LYONS

THE TRIANGULAR BANDAGE IS THE MOST USEFUL IN FIRST AID. EVERY GIRL SCOUT SHOULD KNOW ITS FIVE PRINCIPAL FORMS

TROOP 1 OF BOHEMIA, LONG ISLAND, SPENT ITS FIFTH YEAR IN HANDICRAFT PROJECTS, USING ITS PREVIOUSLY ACQUIRED KNOWLEDGE OF WOODS MATERIALS, SO THAT THE COST OF A YEAR'S WORK FOR THE TROOP WAS UNDER FIFTEEN DOLLARS



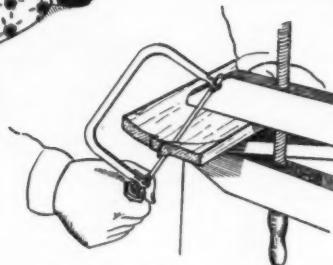
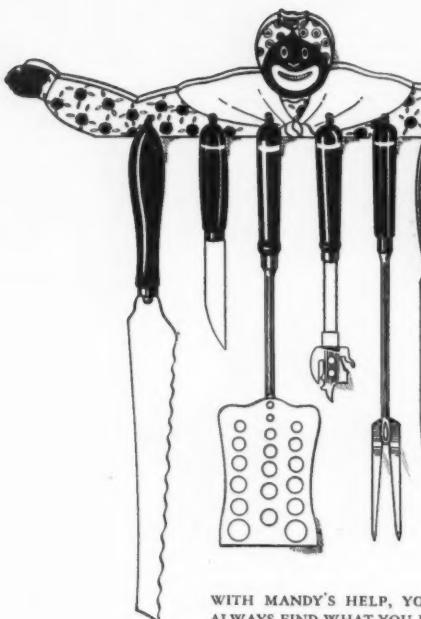
WINTER'S NEVER SO CHILLY THAT THE GIRL SCOUT CANNOT HIKE, CAMP, AND COOK IN COMFORT WITH FRIENDS TO SHARE THE FUN

GOOD STICKY SNOW! A SNOW-SCULPTURE CONTEST, OR A SNOW-BALL FIGHT, OR BOTH, SEEM DUE TO BEGIN AT ONCE

Coping Saw

*Brighten your own
to the kitchen with
amusing and easy-*

TEXT AND DRAWINGS BY



THIS IS THE WAY TO
USE THE COPING SAW

Hilda, the Household Hippo

"Hilda" is a simple bread board guaranteed to become a household pet overnight. She is gentle, useful, and all in all a happy lady bound to bring smiles on the bluest of blue Monday mornings. Though

you may place a knife in her heart, she will be faithful for many years.

Study the outline of Hilda as shown on the squares. Take a large sheet of white paper and rule it with 1-inch squares. On this ruled paper must be drawn a full-size copy of her outline. To do this, see that the line you are drawing passes through each square in exactly the same location as the corresponding line passes through the same squares of the page plan. When finished, you are ready to prepare your board.

You will require a board measuring $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, 10 inches wide, and 19 inches long. You may be able to find such a piece in the basement, as many boxes are that thick; or your nearest carpenter will be glad to supply you with a scrap from his shop. Carefully sandpaper both sides of the board. Do not scrub across the grain of the wood, but always with it. A package of sandpaper containing small sheets ranging from coarse to very fine can be purchased at the "five-and-ten" for a nickel. Start with the coarse and finish with the fine.

When the board is perfectly smooth on both sides, the outline of the Hippo is traced on one side. Carbon paper can be used, or the pattern turned over with the

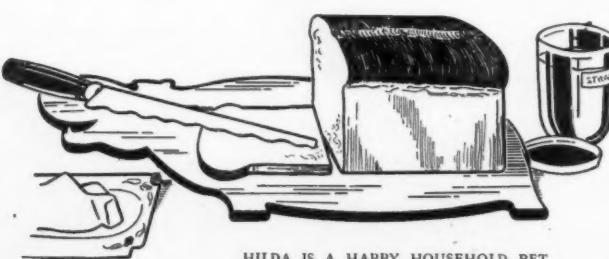
pencil marks against the wood, and the design transferred by tracing over the back of the paper with your pencil. If the lines should fail to show through the paper, go over them until they do.

The paper is then removed, and the lines retraced on the board until they are fairly heavy. The figure is now sawed out. Some persons hold the wood in a vise or wood clamp, as shown in the illustration of the saw, but with a little practice you will be able to hold the work in one hand while sawing with the other. Of course, if a vise or clamps are handy, use them by all means, as they will simplify the work.

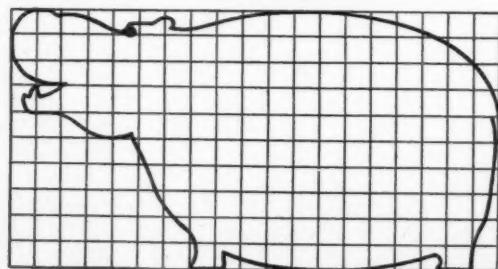
When the figure has been cut out, sandpaper all sawed edges and round them slightly at the same time. To complete the board, paint the edges only with black enamel or lacquer. Give three coats, carefully following directions on the can. Such paints can be bought at the "five-and-ten" in small ten-cent cans. If you wish to give Hilda a dress, a piece of green felt can be glued to one side. This should be done if the board is to be used on the dining table, as the felt will eliminate all possibility of scratching the top. Paint Hilda's eye black.

Old-fashioned Lady Doorstop

All pink and white checks, this lovely little lady with her old-fashioned bouquet holds wide your door, as she gives your guests a charming and happy welcome. All ladies strive to harmonize with their surroundings, and this particular one should be given a dress checked with whatever predominating color your room may have. If no color predominates in your room,



HILDA IS A HAPPY HOUSEHOLD PET



Carpentry

room, or add charm
one of these useful,
to-make inventions

EDWIN T. HAMILTON

you will find pink checks most colorful.

Paper is ruled with $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch squares this time, and a full-size copy of the lady made on it. A board $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick, $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, and $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches long is sandpapered smooth, and the figure traced on it, as already explained. This is then cut out, and all sawed edges sandpapered smooth.

The ribbons on the bonnet and the sash of the dress are painted blue, while the bouquet is given as many different colors as possible. The shoes are black and the grass is green, while the flower border is all colors. The lady's arm should be pink, and all other portions white, except for the checks of the dress and bonnet, which already have been explained.

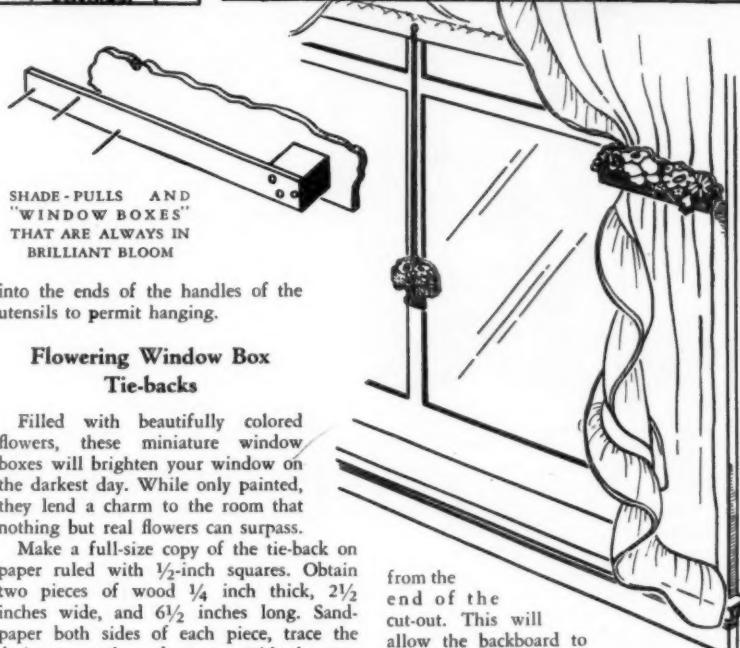
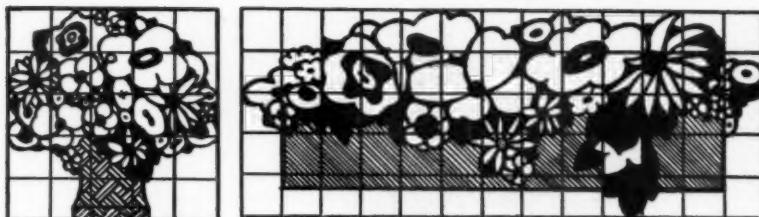
THE standard of the doorstop is cut $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches thick, 4 inches wide, and 4 inches long. It must be cut along its diagonal, so that it tapers from its original thickness at the front to a knife edge at the rear. This is then nailed along the bottom edge of the figure and painted white, an operation which completes the work.

Handy Mandy

Here is the boss of the kitchen! She has a place for everything, and sees to it that everything is in its place. Just now she is taking care of the kitchen utensils, which so often are misplaced, lost, or allowed to become dull in a kitchen drawer. None of these catastrophes can happen with Mandy on the job, so give her wall space and let her get to work.

She must be copied on 1-inch squares, as was Hilda, traced on a board $\frac{1}{2}$ inch by 4 inches by 18 inches, and cut out. Paint the face black with white outlines. The shawl and body of the dress are white, while the flowers on the dress are red. The cap is white with red flowers, and Mandy's hands, of course, are black. Six cup hooks are screwed into the figure, as shown, and the holder nailed to the wall. Screw eyes are screwed

DO YOU WANT A DAINTY LADY TO HOLD YOUR DOOR OPEN? TAKE WOOD, SAW, AND PAINT, AND THIS DESIGN, AND YOU WILL HAVE HER!



into the ends of the handles of the utensils to permit hanging.

Flowering Window Box

Tie-backs

Filled with beautifully colored flowers, these miniature window boxes will brighten your window on the darkest day. While only painted, they lend a charm to the room that nothing but real flowers can surpass.

Make a full-size copy of the tie-back on paper ruled with $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch squares. Obtain two pieces of wood $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, and $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. Sandpaper both sides of each piece, trace the design on each, and cut out with the coping saw. Finish the cut-outs by sandpapering all edges smooth.

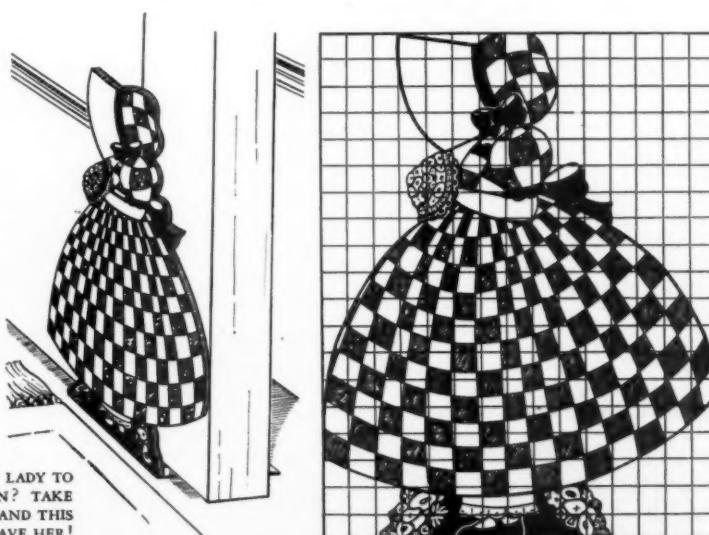
Retrace the flowers and box outline on the cut-outs, and paint them. Use as many bright colors for the flowers as possible, and paint the box portions green. The cut-outs are now mounted with blocks and backboard, as shown in the illustration of their assembly. The blocks should measure about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches, while the backboards are $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, and 7 inches long. As will be seen in the illustration, the three pieces are nailed together, with the block slightly in

from the end of the cut-out. This will allow the backboard to extend beyond the other end of the cut-out, where it is nailed to the side casing of the window. With the blocks located nearest the inner end of the assemblies, the curtains are gathered behind the blocks which hold them back from the window-pane.

The backboards and blocks should be painted white, green, or any other desired color to complete the work. All nails appearing on the flower boxes should be touched up with paint to hide their heads.

Flower Basket Shade Pulls

The touch of color that this flowering basket adds to the end of the shade cord makes an interesting addition to the window box tie-backs, and completes the set. A full-size copy of the basket is drawn on paper ruled with $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch squares. For the pull, a piece of wood $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches long will be required. Trace the design on the wood, cut it out, and sandpaper all edges, slightly rounding them in the process. The design is then painted on the pull in bright colors, as was (Continued on page 49)





"Don't you know, Frosty, you've got to have on warm clothes for winter hiking? How else do you expect to concentrate on what you're hunting for?"

Scatter and Frosty

SCATTER, Girl Scout, says, "Don't you know, Frosty, you've got to have on warm clothes for winter hiking? How else do you expect to concentrate on what you're hunting for?"

And she's right. Chilled bodies and blue lips must hug the fire while others follow trails, gather berries and shrubs and have good times. It is only when you are warmly dressed that you can thoroughly enjoy a hike. And clothes must not only be warm, but comfortable, allowing plenty of freedom for action.

The most all-round useful sport jacket is one of leather, lined with warm flannel. On clear days, rainy days and in the snow it keeps you warm, dry and protected from blustery winds. It may be worn to school, to the game, for bicycling and skating, and, of course, for hiking. The Girl Scout leather jacket is of soft, dark green capeskin, lined with warm flannel in green plaid. The patch pockets are generous in size and the belt is made with the popular ring buckle.

J 111 Sizes 8-14 \$ 9
J 112 Sizes 16-44 10

The Official Girl Scout Sport Jacket is of dark green all wool and fashioned like a windbreaker. Many prefer this style, as it fits snugly at the waist and wrists and is supplied with a Talon fastener so that the jacket may be closed up to the mannish collar or adjusted wherever desired. As the fastener comes apart at the bottom the jacket need not be slipped over the head. The trefoil is embroidered in white on the breast pocket.

J 123 Sizes 10-44 \$5

A Light-weight Sweater is often needed under the jackets for additional warmth. Soft brushed wool in dark green or jade green is used in the attractive slip-over model with V-neck—a style popular for school or sports wear. Sizes 28-44.

J 254 Dark green with trefoil insignia \$3
J 253 Jade green without insignia 3

Serviceable Breeches are the most suitable and comfortable type of rough duty clothing for cross-country hiking, climbing and deep-woods camping. Girl Scout breeches are made of dark green whipcord. Sizes 10-42.

F 202 Wool whipcord \$7.50

A Flannel Shirt in a soft shade of jade green is lovely with the dark green of the breeches and the jackets. The turned back cuffs, pleated pocket and mannish collar follow the latest style in sports shirts.

J 201 Sizes 10-44 \$4.75

A Folded Tie in soisette or crêpe de Chine adds a touch of color and individuality to the outfit.

F 631 Silk \$.75
F 632 Soisette35

A French Beret in dark green or to match the color of the tie is both attractive and comfortable and particularly suitable for hiking and outdoor sports. Best of all, berets are becoming to almost any type of face. Small, medium and large.

J 501 All colors \$.75

**GIRL SCOUTS, INC.
NATIONAL EQUIPMENT SERVICE
570 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.**

The Room on the Roof

(Continued from page 25)

"But—but—my door's been locked all the time!" Joan thought. "How could they get in?"

Suddenly she remembered the cockney painter's words, "The super has a passkey for all the doors," and her face darkened.

"He's just crazy to get this painted," she said to herself. "I'll bet he got the key and meant to begin. Of all the nerve! I simply won't stand it—having him come into my room while I'm here. Mamzelle was perfectly right—always putting his nose into everything!"

A quick fright sent her to the chest of drawers where, in the top drawer, under her handkerchiefs, she had put her extra money, for her mother had warned her earnestly against carrying her whole available capital in a handbag. But the little pile of bank notes was just where she had left it, nor was anything in drawer or closet disturbed in any way.

THIS was a great relief, but meanwhile, a safety measure occurred to her which she proceeded at once to put into action. Detaching the back from a framed photograph of Gustus, she slipped the bills between the picture and the cardboard backing of the easel frame, snapping the back piece firmly.

There was nothing of any great value in the room, for her wrist-watch, a little topaz chain, and her father's seal ring, she always wore. Burglary, as her mother had often said, was the least of the Brathwayte worries! But she resented very much the idea of her room being entered, even from harmless curiosity, by any employee of the house; and her dislike of the officious cockney workman rather edged her intention of reporting the matter to the mighty "super." It was the responsible, grown-up thing to do, she decided gravely.

But as she knotted her hair freshly after a comfortable bath, and changed her street suit for the brown crépe with beige collar and frill that Aunt Gus had helped her select, a conviction crept over her that it might be just as well to let the matter go. After all, she had lost nothing. She must leave soon, in any case, after the broad hint of the Hopkins's servant. And she was sensible enough to realize that her position in the house was rather delicate—handed on, as she had been, from one person to another.

Moved by a sudden impulse, she took a damp wash cloth and tried to rub out the paint. Though fresh, it did not yield easily, and she gave it up impatiently and reversed the rug so that the mark disappeared under the bed.

Sandy lived much farther down town, and Joan had to manage a cross-town car. But she had clear directions and a good natural sense of location, with none of the timidity at asking her way, which adds to the difficulties of so many strangers in a large city.

The apartment was three flights up, with no elevator. The stair treads were steep, but such details mean little to young legs, and Joan was hardly breathing deeper when she reached the top and tried the door uncertainly, for she could hardly believe that Sandy's directions to "walk right in" could

be serious. All her training in Miss Richards's house, all her mother's warnings as to carefully locked doors, combined to shock her at this easy-going trust. And Sandy's reason for it jarred on her personal feeling about her own privacy, besides.

"I'd want to have my place to myself," she thought.

But "the gang," Sandy had explained, "just dropped in any time, and they couldn't all have keys!"

As her hostess had forewarned her, she was later than her guest, and the stale, smoky air, the disarrayed furniture, the overturned ginger ale bottle from which drippings had fallen on the couch cover, seemed to point to a certain carelessness on the part of "the gang," if nothing more!

But the little place was so brightly furnished, and Sandy's welcome, when she arrived, was so warm, that its minor inconveniences, such as having to go through the kitchen to get to the bathroom, and the necessity for a day-bed in the sitting room—"so we can't have too many parties because the Kid goes to bed early!"—seemed of little importance. It was the Kid, the youngest of the three, whose job was in danger. But as yet she still held it, and Sandy could not offer her place to her friend.

"But I know a couple of girls—perfect peaches, both of them!—who are looking for one more to go in with them," said Sandy, putting on her hat, for they were to dine out, it appeared. "They can get the apartment for sixty-five a month—a regular bargain, I can tell you—and they have nearly all the furniture they need. Could you get a bed and some kind of a rug? That's about all, they said. I wish Jess, my roommate, was here—she'd know all about it. It was her turn to get dinner tonight, but she made a date with the man we think she's engaged to—though she says not—and just walked out on me. Jess does that a little too often, if you ask me! I simply can't bother with cooking—I'm on my feet all day. But I'm down to my last cent, so we'll have a cheap dinner! I know a place where they make fine chop suey. I hope you like it!"

THE restaurant was crowded and stuffy, and Joan decided early in the meal that she did not like the flat-tasting Chinese stew, which filled her stomach without satisfying her hunger somehow. But the prospect of a French moving picture, which was a new experience, delighted her.

"I was going tonight with a friend but he couldn't get off, so he sent me the tickets—it's quite expensive for a movie," Sandy explained. "They advised me to go at the shop to pick up the accent, if I could; we have to use so many French names. It's a shame you're not tall and slim, Joan. We need another model now, for part time anyway, and I know I could work you in."

"But I have a job. I wrote you about the clinic, Sandy—don't you remember?" Joan returned, realizing suddenly that she wouldn't enjoy being a model for sports clothes very much.

"Oh, that!" said Sandy patronizingly. "There's not much of a fortune in that, I shouldn't think."

"But really, Sandy, it's very interesting."

Joan insisted. "And when you think what a lot of good it does—"

"Oh, forget it! I'm looking out for a job that does a lot of good to Sandy Marshall!" Sandy laughed good-naturedly. "That's not good enough!"

"It's good enough for Janie Mitchell," Joan found herself thinking resentfully.

"Oh, well," she considered, watching her friend critically, as Sandy powdered her nose and pulled her knowing little flat hat over one ear, "you couldn't expect her to understand about the clinic, exactly. She wouldn't know about those things, nor Mrs. Marshall, either. They're not like Mother and Aunt Gus and the Mitchells. It's different, that's all!"

And Sandy's apartment was different, too.

IF JOAN had gone there directly from the train, the thrilling idea of three girls, independent and intimate, would have suited the mood of a young adventurer fresh from home. But the beauty of Miss Richards's spacious rooms, and the kindness and efficiency of Mrs. Embree's little maid; the comfortable good taste of the Mitchells' none-too-large apartment, and Kate's hospitable housewifery had made a deep impression on her. Now, the casual, cluttered little room they had left didn't appeal to her as much as she had thought it would.

Joan found Sandy's lack of concern for any but her own affairs rather chilling, besides. True, Sandy had always been like that, but Kate's eager questions and friendly interest had been comforting to one who was, after all, completely alone in a new world, and Joan appreciated it. Why, even Miss Brett had been more interested than Sandy!

She listened, all the way to the theater, to a detailed account of the complications of the sports clothes business, and how brilliantly Sandy was coping with them; and she was glad when they were settled in their seats and the film had begun. It was too interesting to allow her mind to dwell on her own difficulties and perplexities.

Coming out of the theater, she noticed a familiar, sleek, waved head in front of her, and managed to catch a glimpse of the face she expected. It was Mamzelle's. She was chattering eagerly to her escort, a youngish man in a neat business suit, and as he turned to answer her, Joan thought his face, too, was vaguely familiar. She did not wish to encounter the French girl, as this would require explanations to Sandy; and to Sandy, oddly enough, she had said nothing about the room on the roof.

Holding back a little now, she kept Sandy behind as Mamzelle paused at the entrance.

"Goodnight!" said the French girl. "Nothing doing, you know. I tell you when."

"All right," the young man answered, raising his hat politely. "Well, goodnight to you!" And left her quickly.

Joan was puzzled. Where had she heard that phrase lately? Suddenly it came to her. It was the electrician whom she had met in the elevator a day or two ago!

Joan would have been still more puzzled if she had realized that the apparently trivial incident had a deep significance. Follow the story in next month's installment.



IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

ON SPEAKING TERMS AGAIN

The news that the United States had recognized Soviet Russia was the climax of a startling change of policy. After the Communists seized power, it was the fashion among the nations to say that the Bolshevik government, representing the will of a small minority, and maintaining itself only by the Red terror, could not last.

As years went by, and the Red rulers kept their power, one after another the nations patched things up with the U. S. S. R., until Russia had been recognized by every important country except the United States.



Meanwhile, many American exporters looked longingly toward this Communist nation that might absorb much of our vast surplus—and stressed the absurdity of isolation.

Recognition followed.

Men who know Russia estimate she could use, at once, about one hundred million dollars' worth of our goods. But she's hard up—she can't pay cash. The question is, will the United States purchase enough Russian goods to enable Russia to pay for things she buys here?

LEGAL LIQUOR'S LIFE LINE

On January 16, 1920, the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect. Almost fourteen years later, the nation reversed itself. In the elections of November 7, 1933, thirty-seven States voted for national repeal: one more than the necessary three-fourths of the total number of States. This vote made it certain that the national dry law would end on December 5, 1933, the date set for the ratification, by the thirty-sixth State convention, of the Twenty-first Amendment, repealing the Eighteenth Amendment.

Since 1912, seven countries, apart from the United States, tried national prohibition and gave it up. Here is the list: Iceland, Russia, Canada, Sweden, Finland, Norway, and Turkey.

For more than one hundred years, groups in the United States have fought liquor evils and the saloon. America's plunge into the World War gave the final push that put prohibition over. A majority was determined

to conserve grain for food rather than for alcohol, and wanted to keep strong drink away from the soldiers.

When the slump came, citizens, groaning under tax burdens, turned hopefully to legal liquor as a source of revenue.

Ushered in by a great war, prohibition was ushered out by a great depression

THE WAR NOBODY WON

Last November, bringing Armistice Day, flung a searchlight on the distance the world has traveled backward, along the road to peace. On that day, Secretary of War Dern spoke memorable words before the tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington.

"The post-war years," he said, "form a drab, dreary chapter after the exalted idealism of the war period. No need to recite the story. Let it be sufficient to say that the world as seen today was not made safe for democracy, and war was not abolished, or even made any more remote than it was in 1914. There has been much dispute as to who won the war. The plain fact is that nobody won—everybody lost."

In a prolonged modern war, Secretary Dern pointed out, both sides are bound to lose, in ultimate results.

UNDER-WATER THINKERS

Can fish think? Mrs. Horst von der Goltz, a New York aquarist, will tell you they all have some intelligence, though some species are much brainier than others. By intelligence she means the ability to learn from experience. Interestingly enough, the fish that swim in schools are the dullest. Moving in a mob, each loses the power to think for itself.

The smartest fish known to this expert are the cichlids—pronounced "sicklids"—



a big group found in South American, African, and Indian waters. They're the most adaptable. And they make model mamas and papas, teaching their young to swim, coaching them to keep clear of dangers, putting them to bed in sand-hole nests at night, and sternly nosing them out at dawn.

If still smarter species are found, we'll be saying a girl has "the brains of a fish," and she'll feel flattered!

TAMING THE BIG CAT

When New York City went to the polls and chose Fiorello H. LaGuardia as its next mayor, the rest of the nation took a renewed interest in the fiery little fighter who has made the Tammany tiger roar with pain.

Mr. LaGuardia owes his victory directly to Samuel Seabury. A little over a year ago, Mr. Seabury's investigation startled good citizens with its showing up of Tammany corruption.



The new mayor, who won as the Fusion Party's candidate, is the son of Italian immigrants. Born in New York City, he was educated in the schools of Prescott, Arizona, then entered the United States Consular service. He studied law at New York University, was admitted to the bar, and, six years afterward, was sent to Washington as a Congressman.

After we went into the World War, he hung up a gallant record as a flyer on the Italian front.

LaGuardia is a human dynamo. Whenever he goes, he makes things happen.

CODE FOR COLDS

This—worse luck!—is a winter that may mean business where chest difficulties are concerned, if we're to judge by the number of cases reported. With this fact in mind, health authorities have been busy giving us rules for avoiding colds. Here are some of them:

Breathe through your nose, not through your mouth. Stay away from persons with colds. Take a bath every day. Don't dress too warmly; wear loose, porous clothing. Air the house well; keep it at a temperature of about sixty-eight degrees. Sleep with the windows open. Take an hour's exercise a day, out-of-doors. Drink a quart of milk a day; eat lots of leafy vegetables and fresh fruits.

Above all, keep your general health built up; don't get over-tired, for fatigue paves the way for colds.

Never "stuff a cold," if you've actually caught one; instead, eat sparingly, drink lots of water, take a laxative, and sleep nine hours or more a night.

If your cold's a mean one, go to bed and call the doctor.

WHAT PRICE UNIVERSES?

Scientists keep right on making themselves new universes. Einstein, "the father of relativity," cooked us up a nice, closed, cylindrical affair, in which matter was too unstable to suit a lot of his fellow-calculators. So de Sitter brought forward a contraption of his own, a universe in which space was everything, and matter nothing.

The newest of these creations was displayed before the autumn meeting of the National Academy of Sciences by the Abbé Georges Lemaître, a well known Belgian astronomer. Lemaître's universe is the oddest of all. As a whole, it is expanding, but parts of it are contracting.

If one man tears up another's twenty-dollar bill, there's sure to be a rumpus. But if one scientist tears up another's universe—no small matter, you'd say—it's taken in a spirit of good, clean fun.

THAT HORRID PILOT

How would you like to be sitting calmly in a passenger airplane with your safety belt fastened, and then, without warning, find yourself and your chair floating down to earth, upheld by a parachute? That may happen to you, if the device invented by Harry P. Trusty of Los Angeles comes into general use on passenger lines. It's already been given successful trials.

The idea seems to be that, in a crisis, passengers might not have the nerve to jump. Mr. Trusty's invention gives them no choice in the matter. The pilot simply pulls a lever, and out they go.

The parachutes, you'll be glad to learn, are designed to open themselves.

LET'S LIVE A BIT LONGER!

When, and where, are pedestrians in most danger from cars?

According to the Travelers Insurance Company, which has statistics to prove it, one of the surest ways to risk your life is to walk on the right-hand side of a country road between six and nine in the evening, in the months of November, December, January, and February.

Walkers take warning!

THE PIED PUSSIES OF PARIS

It's not only tourists who love Paris. Rats, it appears, like it, too, and do almost as well there as they did in Hamelin town. Not long ago, a rat census in France's capital showed there was one rodent to each citizen.

Aroused, city officials tried to starve the enemy. After some weeks of this, the rats looked as plump as ever. Poison was tried, without success. Then the rodents were inoculated with a contagious malady. Many days went by. Observers, turning wistful eyes on the brutes, reported that they seemed in glowing health.

At its wits' end, Paris thought fast, and saw a great light—pussies! The Municipal Council straightway opened a cat-breeding farm. No common felines will be raised there. The aim is super-cats, bigger, busier, fiercer than ordinary toms and tabbies. Wags are saying the Council might as well breed tigers, and be done with it.



"The most thrilling program on the air!" ...say thousands of girls and boys! "BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25th CENTURY"

"IT'S the most exciting program on the air!" That's what thousands of girls and boys say of Buck Rogers in the 25th Century—the radio program sponsored by the makers of Cocomalt, and now being broadcast four times a week over the stations listed to the right.

Imagine this for a story idea! A young American—Buck Rogers—is engaged in surveying a mine in the year 1919 when a cave-in completely shuts off the shaft in which he is working. A strange gas is released which holds him in suspended animation for 500 years!

Then the ground shifts... fresh air enters Buck's tomb... and he staggers forth into the strange world of the 25th Century! What adventures Buck has! Right now Buck is going through the most amaz-

ing adventures of all. He is... But we won't spoil the thrills for you. Tune in on the Buck Rogers adventures yourself. Read the schedule in the panel and find out what station in your locality is broadcasting Buck Rogers in the 25th Century.

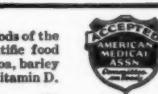
Try Cocomalt—free

For strong, sturdy development—drink Cocomalt at every meal. It has a delicious chocolate flavor. You'll like it hot or cold. Made as directed, Cocomalt adds 70% more food-energy to milk. Sold at all good grocery stores. For trial can, send name and address, with 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing to R. B. Davis Co., Dept. 19A, Hoboken, N. J.



Cocomalt is accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. It is a scientific food composed of sucrose, skim milk, selected cacao, barley malt extract, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D.

Cocomalt
Prepared as directed, adds 70% more food-energy to milk



Pies as Good as Mother Makes

Learn by heart the A. B. C.'s of flaky pie crust

HAVE you ever had a mother-daughter pie-making contest in your Girl Scout Troop? In these days of mother-daughter banquets, father-son golf tournaments, and family contests of all kinds—why not try a pie-making contest? I think it would be great fun! You could make the pies at the meeting, and have the excitement of seeing the mixing, rolling, and crimping of the crusts; or they could be made at home and brought to the meeting to be judged by the leader and the home economics teacher from the high school. If this can't be arranged as a troop activity (for those who are working for their Cook or Hostess Badges), then challenge your mother to a contest—just the two of you—right in your own home kitchen.

It's a real art to make a good pie, but an art that comes, as so many things do, in simply knowing how. And, in this case, the "knowing how" applies more than anything else to the crust, rather than to the whole pie. If you understand the three A.B.C.'s of making pie crust, and practice them enough yourself, you can soon learn to compete successfully with experienced pie makers. Please study the recipe that follows, and then I want to tell you about those A.B.C.'s.

Pie Crust

2½ cups sifted flour
¼ teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
⅔ cup cold shortening
⅓ cup cold water (about)

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cut in shortening until pieces are about size of small peas. Add water (preferably ice water), a small amount at a time, mixing lightly with fork. Handle as little as possible. Wrap in waxed paper and chill thoroughly before rolling. Roll out on a slightly floured board. Bake pastry in hot oven (450 degrees Fahrenheit). Makes enough pastry for one 9-inch two-crust pie, or two 9-inch pie shells.

Now that you are familiar with the recipe, please memorize the A.B.C.'s of making good pie crust:

- A. Keep all ingredients cold.
- B. Handle the pastry as little as possible.
- C. Add the water carefully and do not add too much.

The ingredients must be kept cold so that, when they get into the warmth of the oven, they will expand and make the pastry light. If you overhandle the pastry, it gets too warm to expand nicely, and also gets tough. The shortening must be cold and firm when you add it. Cut it in with a fork, or two knives, or a wire pastry-blender, if you have one—and do not cut it any finer than the recipe says, for it is coarsely cut shortening that makes flaky pastry.

By JANE CARTER

When you add the water, use a fork and toss each little portion of flour lightly, working quickly. Dampen the flour until it is just moist enough to be pressed together, but is not wet. You can roll this pastry at once, but I advise you to roll it after it has been chilled as given in the recipe. If you roll it at once, you may have to dampen the dough a little more to make it stick together while rolling.

The pastry should be rolled to about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch in thickness. Roll lightly from the center of the dough toward the outside edges to keep the pastry round. Use one-half the recipe to make one crust.

ness, allowing pastry to extend 1 inch beyond edge. Fit loosely on plate. Fold edge back so as to form standing rim, and flute with fingers. To bake, prick with fork, or line with waxed paper and fill with rice or beans during first few minutes of baking to hold shape. Bake in hot oven (450 degrees Fahrenheit) fifteen minutes.

Apple Pie

1 recipe Pie Crust
4 to 6 apples, thinly sliced
¾ cup sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 tablespoon butter



Line a 9-inch pie plate with pastry, rolled to $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch thickness. Moisten edge of pastry with cold water. Fill pie shell with apples. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and dot with butter. Adjust top crust which has slits in center to permit escape of steam. Brush with milk, or beaten egg white. Bake in hot oven (450 degrees Fahrenheit) fifteen minutes, then decrease heat to moderate (350 degrees Fahrenheit), and bake thirty minutes longer.

Coconut Custard Pie

½ recipe Pie Crust
4 eggs, slightly beaten
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
3 cups milk, scalded
1 cup shredded coconut

Make a pie shell as described above. Bake in hot oven (450 degrees Fahrenheit) ten minutes, or until partially baked. Remove rice and continue baking three minutes. Combine eggs, sugar, and salt. Add milk, stirring constantly. Add coconut. Pour into pie shell. Bake in hot oven (400 degrees Fahrenheit) fifteen minutes, then decrease heat to moderate (350 degrees Fahrenheit) and bake thirty minutes longer, or until knife inserted comes out clean. Cool.

Two-crust Pie

Line a 9-inch pie plate with $\frac{1}{2}$ recipe Pie Crust, rolled to $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch thickness. Moisten edges of pastry with cold water. Fill pie shell. Roll other half of pastry to $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch thickness. Fold half the pastry back on other half. With sharp knife make several slits to permit escape of steam. Place upper crust on filled lower one, opening out folded half after it is placed on pie. Press edges together with fork dipped in flour, then with sharp knife trim off surplus pastry. Brush with milk or beaten egg white, if a slight glaze is desired. Bake in hot oven (425 degrees Fahrenheit to 450 degrees Fahrenheit) ten to fifteen minutes; then decrease heat to moderate (350 degrees Fahrenheit) and bake until pastry is browned, and filling is done.

Baked Pie Shell

Use $\frac{1}{2}$ recipe Pie Crust. Line a 9-inch pie plate with pastry, rolled to $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch thick-

½ recipe Pie Crust
2 cups mashed cooked pumpkin, or canned pumpkin
¾ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon mace
½ teaspoon nutmeg
¾ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon ginger
3 tablespoons melted butter
1 tablespoon molasses
2 eggs, slightly beaten
2 cups milk, scalded

Make a pie shell as described above. Bake in hot oven (450 degrees Fahrenheit) ten minutes, or until partially baked. Remove rice. Combine remaining ingredients in order

given and mix thoroughly. Pour into pie shell and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) one hour and fifteen minutes, or until knife inserted comes out clean.

Chocolate Cream Pie

3 squares unsweetened chocolate
2½ cups milk
1 cup sugar
6 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 baked 9-inch pie shell
2 egg whites
4 tablespoons sugar

Add chocolate to milk and heat in double boiler. When chocolate is melted, beat with rotary egg beater until blended. Combine sugar, flour, and salt; add gradually to chocolate mixture and cook until thickened, stirring constantly; then continue cooking ten minutes, stirring occasionally. Pour small amount of mixture over egg yolks, stirring vigorously; return to double boiler and cook two minutes longer. Remove from boiling water; add butter and vanilla. Cool. Turn into pie shell. Beat egg whites until foamy throughout; add sugar, two tablespoons at a time, beating after each addition until sugar is blended. Then continue beating until mixture will stand in peaks. Pile lightly on filling. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) fifteen minutes, or until delicately browned.

Peach Pie Glacé

1 package orange-flavored gelatin
2½ cups warm peach juice and water
2½ cups canned sliced peaches, drained
1 baked 9-inch pie shell

Dissolve orange-flavored gelatin in warm peach juice and water. Add peaches. Chill. When slightly thickened, turn into cold pie shell. Chill until firm. Garnish with

meringue, as in Lemon Meringue Pie, or serve with whipped cream.

Red Cherry Pie

2½ cups canned pitted red cherries, drained
1 cup sugar
1 cup cherry juice
2½ tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca
1 recipe Pie Crust

Combine cherries, sugar, cherry juice, and tapioca, and let stand about fifteen minutes, or while pastry is being made. Line a 9-inch pie plate with pastry, rolled to 1/8-inch thickness. Moisten edge of pastry with cold water. Fill pie shell with cherries. Adjust top crust. Bake in hot oven (450 degrees Fahrenheit) fifteen minutes, then decrease heat to moderate (350 degrees Fahrenheit) and bake thirty minutes longer, or until filling is cooked.

Lemon Meringue Pie

½ cup cake flour
1¼ cups sugar
Dash of salt
1½ cups water
3 egg yolks, slightly beaten
½ cup lemon juice
1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
1 baked 9-inch Pie Shell
3 egg whites
6 tablespoons sugar

Combine flour, sugar, and salt in top of double boiler. Add water and egg yolks, mixing thoroughly. Place over hot water and cook ten minutes, or until thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from fire; add lemon juice and rind. Cool. Pour into pie shell. Beat egg whites until foamy throughout; add sugar, 2 tablespoons at a time, beating after each addition until sugar is blended. Then continue beating until mixture will stand in peaks. Pile lightly on filling. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) fifteen minutes, or until delicately browned.

When Sally Stitched Her Sampler

IN 1825, Sally Proctor Field, at the tender age of six years, stitched her sampler with this quaint verse:

*How happy is the lovely child,
Of Manners gentle, Temper mild,
Who learns each useful pretty art
Sure pleasure to her friends' impart.*

Little did Sally know that, after a hundred years and more, samplers like hers would be treasured heirlooms! Originally, samplers were made, not only to teach young fingers "cross stitch," "tent," "bird's eye," "satin stitch" for borders, and the ever-popular "French knots," but to take the place of costly pattern books. The sampler preserved a record of designs and

stitches, showed patterns useful in embroidering the ruffles worn by both men and women, and also recorded the fancy lettering used by all good housewives to mark and date their linen.

Nowadays, the art of sampler-making has come into vogue again. The newest thing for girls of 1934 is to make their own samplers, following the quaint designs and stitchery of the past, creating things of beauty in unfaded colors, to be used as embroidered pictures, fire-screens, cushions, chair-backs, or, under glass, as decorative trays. Girl Scouts are most fortunate in having a sampler of their very own, a delightful design ready to be worked. And now a "Sampler Contest" is announced. Look on the back cover for the particulars.

LET'S CHAT ABOUT COLLARS AND CUFFS

WHEN they're crisp and fresh, collars and cuffs do perky things for you. But when they're mussed—oh dear! . . . So wash yours often with Fels-Naptha Soap—and see how beautifully clean it gets them. Fels-Naptha's good golden soap and plenty of naptha loosen dirt better and easier. Which is good washday news for Mother, too! Tell her to change to . . .

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



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The achievement of winning a Proficiency Badge is a true distinction . . . the reward for superior effort in a branch of Scouting. It is a distinction limited to those whose diligence and ability is outstanding.

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Mark everything with Cash's WOVEN NAME TAPES

girls! Be able to identify your washables *permanently!* Mark them with CASH'S NAMES, woven to your individual order. Recommended by schools—used for generations. Quickly attached with thread or Cash's NO-SO Cement. Order from your dealer or us.

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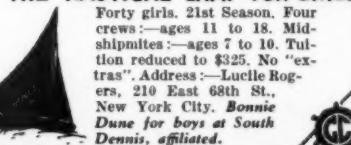
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An eight weeks' adventure—each day a surprise. Sailing—crew suppers on the beach—riding—a Coast Guard drill—Topsy Turvy day—swimming—crafts—dramatics. Girl Scouts, win your Sailor's badge. Other badges, too.

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A CHRISTMAS check! What fun to have it, spending it over and over again in your mind, for this, that and the other. And in the end knowing that, all along, you have had just one Heart's Desire, after all. Being your Book Editor, I am thinking that, of course, you are planning on buying a book with your money! A very special book, one that all your life you will be glad to have.

For every Girl Scout, big or little, short or tall, I have a first important suggestion. Perhaps you have guessed it—your new *Girl Scout Handbook* which costs only 50c (or \$1.00, if you wish to have it in limp leatherette binding). To say the least, it is a most fascinating book, from its very first pages which tell you of such famous trail-makers as Sakakawea, the famous Indian girl, and our own Juliette Low, our Girl Scout Founder—all the way through to the many suggestions for earning your Proficiency Badges. And pictures! I have had a delightful time looking at them.

You will want this book, most certainly. And here is something which may not have occurred to you—you will want it now as a Girl Scout, and you will want it later on, as a Graduate Girl Scout. I am a Graduate Girl Scout, but my handbook goes out into the country with me every summer. Not long ago, it was First Aid to me when I was planning a supper party out of doors. What a delicious camp fire recipe I found in it!

Poetry, for your heart's delight

A girl I know bought a collection of poetry with her Christmas money, and I was interested in the one she chose. She brought it to show me and I was delighted that it was one of my own favorites—*Come Hither* by Walter De La Mare (Alfred A. Knopf, Incorporated, \$5.00). The very name, De La Mare, is magic to every girl who loves poetry. *Last night there came knocking, at my wee small door*—do you know that one? I hope so! Small wonder, then, that Mr. De La Mare, who has himself written so many poems boys and girls love, was able to make a collection of poems from all over the world, and from all times, that they equally love. There are poems in *Come Hither* for your every mood, no matter what it may be, poems to be found under such delightful headings as: *Morning and May; Feasts; Fairs; Beggars; Gypsies; Beasts of the Field; Foul's of the Air; Evening and Dreams* and many others. And not only is the poetry lovely, the book itself is a pleasure to see, with

By HELEN FERRIS

its many exquisite black and white decorations by Alec Buckels.

But perhaps five dollars is more than you have to spend for your poetry book. *This Singing World*, poems collected by Louis Untermeyer (Harcourt, Brace and Company, Incorporated, \$3.00), is also a lovely book, which boys and girls like. It would not surprise me to hear that many of you already have *This Singing World*, for when Mr. Untermeyer was at work upon it—and he, too, is a distinguished poet—he talked with boys and girls about the poems they liked, and with their teachers and librarians, with the result that his book quickly became a favorite everywhere.

Stories that never grow old

I am sure you have already discovered that you want to go back to some stories again and again and again. They may have been written years ago. But they are yours, today, vividly and enchantingly. Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy. . . . Last summer I re-read *Little Women* and do you know, I wanted Jo to marry Laurie just as much as I did when I was in my teens!

Such stories have a very special place in your own library. And if you are thinking of buying a particularly nice edition of *Little Women*, I recommend to you the

I want you to meet

DICKET

my this month's book-girl-of-today

You will like her because she is so real, and because her story is so real.

What happens to her?

She goes to Boarding School.

Does she have fun there?

Plenty of it. But this is no ordinary boarding school story. There are lots of surprises in it for you.

And Dicket?

She does want to be popular, and a member of The Owls. But she pays a heavy price for this, and you will be happy for her in her important discovery.

DICKET by Jane Abbott (Lippincott)

Beacon Hill edition (Little, Brown and Company, \$1.50) with its charming colored illustrations by Jessie Willcox Smith. And if you have *Little Women*, but wish to add to it Miss Alcott's other stories, the publisher (Little, Brown and Company, Boston, Massachusetts) will be delighted to send you a complete list of the Beacon Hill books, which includes a variety of old favorites.

One interesting thing to do, in connection with the stories you wish to keep in your library, is to think of one of the old favorites you have most enjoyed, then to inquire in what editions it has been published. For stories that have been long and widely loved are pretty certain to be published in a variety of editions—in smaller sized books, and those that are larger; with pictures, and without them; with pictures printed in color, and printed in clear black. The kind of type in which these stories are printed is important, too, with some type much more easily read, and much more beautiful than others.

So when you come to buy a favorite book, be sure to ask about the various editions. You can inquire at the bookstore in your town and at the library. If possible, see the various editions for yourself. But if this is not possible and you wish to write to me about which edition is most attractive, I shall be glad to send you suggestions. But be sure to tell me how much you wish to spend! New books, of course, are published in one edition only.

One of my own favorite stories, *Jane Eyre* by Charlotte Brontë, is published with delightful full-color illustrations done by

Monro S. Orr (Dodd, Mead and Company, \$2.00). As you may know, *Jane Eyre* is a long story, but the type is not too small in this book. It is clear and easily read.

Or do you know *Jane Eyre*? If you don't, I envy you the fun of discovering her. Jane, who is ten when the story opens and a most unhappy orphan, soon shows the spirit that is in her. You are quickly certain that, come what may, Jane will stand up to things. Much does come to Jane, from the time she is shunted off into an orphan asylum, to the end of her adventurous story. In fact, I think that is one reason why *Jane Eyre* is such a favorite with girls everywhere—so much happens to her! Such surprising, unexpected things. Another reason is that Jane herself is such a real girl, and such an interesting one. I always forget that I am reading a story. I am there, with her, happy when she is happy, sad when she is sad. And you don't know how her romance is coming out, until

you have reached the very end of the book.

Lorna Doone by R. D. Blackmore is another cherishable book, and this I recommend to you in the edition illustrated by Rowland Wheelwright and William Sewell (Dodd, Mead and Company, \$2.00). Here, too, is adventure and excitement that leaves you breathless more than once. I can shut my eyes this minute and find myself swept into that thrilling rescue of Lorna from the despotic Doones. I hold my breath over the escapes of Tom Faggus. Is this an adventure book? Yes, it is. A romance? Yes. No wonder it is as popular today as it ever was.

Ramona by Helen Hunt Jackson has now been beautifully illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops (Little, Brown and Company, Junior Literary Guild, \$2.75). The pictures by Mr. Stoops, printed in black and white, give you many of the dramatic incidents in this poignant story of the girl Ramona and her Indian lover, and they give you Old California as well—the life there, the people of that day and of the story. One girl wrote me of it, "It is one of the most beautiful books in every way that I have."

Moby Dick by Herman Melville—how the menace of the sea seems to gather at the very mention of that name, the menace of the sea and the great white whale! I seem to hear the heated commands of the mad Captain Ahab, as he drives his whaling vessel so relentlessly after Moby Dick, the whale on whom he has sworn vengeance. On and on we drive through ocean upon ocean. This is one of our greatest American stories, powerfully and magnificently written. And it is not surprising, therefore, that one of our great American artists decided to illustrate it, Rockwell Kent. I recommend to you the Rockwell Kent edition of *Moby Dick* (Random House, Incorporated, \$3.50). It is a beautiful book to cherish, as well as to read with most intense interest.

Another, less expensive but very attractive, edition is that illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer (The John C. Winston Company, \$2.00). This edition has been cut and shortened and, if you can, I suggest that you look at both to see which you prefer. The Rockwell Kent edition is just as Mr. Melville wrote it.

Yes, the thing to do is to choose your favorite book from among the great stories and then to go exploring among editions, considering everything about each, including the illustrations. Or perhaps choosing a book with no illustrations at all. A girl I know discovered such a book, *The Odyssey of Homer*, translated by T. E. Shaw who is Lawrence of Arabia. It seems that, when my friend read a translation of *The Odyssey* in school, she forgot all about its being Required Reading. It quickly became, for her one of the most interesting adventure stories she had ever found. Her father, catching her enthusiasm, asked her to read it aloud to him. Then together they went to a bookstore to buy it. It was then that they found this edition of *The Odyssey of Homer* (Oxford University Press, \$3.50) and were much interested in comparing Mr. Shaw's translation with that which they had been reading.

"We both liked it lots," my friend told me. "It's so—well, such easy reading and so smooth, kind of." And she read a passage to me.

It went like this: "Said the dim shadow: 'Of that I will not tell you all, not even if he be alive or (Continued on page 40)



Roxyettes of
Radio City Music Hall

Smart as the Roxyettes

With rhythm smooth as clockwork the Roxyettes move through their intricate maze of steps—their forty slim bodies moving as one.

Under their sleek-fitting costumes these girls, chosen from thousands for their grace and beauty, wear Venus *Snappi* Girdles to give the final touch of smooth-curved smartness.

Under your new dancing frock a *Snappi* Girdle will restrain unruly curves, make the dress fit without a ripple, and give you that comfortable feeling of being well dressed. *Snappi* is made of Lastex, is as light as no girdle at all, yet it gently hugs where one most needs restraint.

And today you can wear the same girdle that the world-famous Roxyettes have chosen because fine department stores and specialty shops in every city have *Snappi* Girdles to show you in several styles and qualities to suit your needs. They are priced from \$1.00 upward and each is the best in material and workmanship that we could devise at its price.



While this garment is sold for only \$1.00 it has a special construction (on which a patent is applied for) which gives it the comfort and elastic quality that is the equal of many more expensive garments.



VENUS CORPORATION

1170 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

424 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

Good Times With Books

(Continued from page 39)

dead. It were ill to speak airily of that.' With which words the spectre vanished by the latch, and dissolved into the moving air: but Penelope, the daughter of Icarus, rose up from her sleep, her loving heart warmed by the vividness of her dream which had fallen on her in the gloaming."

A great story, magically told, magically translated. And I know that Mr. Shaw would be delighted at what my friend said about his book—"so smooth, kind of." And I know that Mr. Bruce Rogers, the distinguished American designer of type and beautiful books who planned this one, would be happy, too, to hear that she thought the book such "easy reading."

For all the family

Not long ago I went visiting over the week-end, and at Sunday morning breakfast—no one knew just how it started—we began on our favorites from the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, the High School son and daughter joining in with many a melody from *H. M. S. Pinafore*, *The Mikado* and the others. Even small Nancy, nine, had her pet:

"For he is an EnglishMUN," sang she.

So if you and your family are Gilbert and Sullivan devotees—and I hope you are!—*Plays and Poems of W. S. Gilbert*, all in one beautiful volume, is a real discovery (Random House, Incorporated, \$3.50). The amusing *Bab Ballads* are here, too, with W. S. Gilbert's own gay illustrations. The music is not included, but you won't need it. For who is there who doesn't hum to herself when she reads:

*We sail the ocean blue,
And our saucy ship's a beauty;
We're sober men and true,
And attentive to our duty.*

Or to:

*I copied all the letters in a hand so free,
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's
Navee!*

I mustn't forget to mention Mr. Deems Taylor's very interesting story, which is also in this book, of how Gilbert and Sullivan happened to do these operas together. Deems Taylor is himself one of our distinguished American composers and musical critics—and his story tells you just what you wish to know about these two men whose operas are such favorites with High School dramatic societies and lovers of light and bright music.

edition that I especially like is that edited by M. R. James, the Provost of Oxford, in England, who made his collection from a wide and careful reading of Andersen's tales in the original Danish. It seems impossible, doesn't it, that *Thumbelina* and the others were not written in our own language? And the bright-colored pictures, done by Christine Jackson, seem so exactly right for each particular story. (J. B. Lippincott Company, \$3.00.)

The new edition of *Aesop's Fables*, illustrated with wood engravings by Boris Artzybashev (Viking Press, Incorporated, Junior Literary Guild, \$2.00) is one of the most beautiful ever published, with its amusing and grotesque illustrations.

Mr. Artzybashev brought his collection of the Fables into my office one day, and told me of his plan for illustrating them, and that he had been reading every collection of them that he could find, including those written down in 1722. I read his choice as he sat beside me, and was very much interested to discover how many of my favorite quotations came from Aesop. It had been years since I had read the Fables, but there they were: *Birds of a feather flock together; A kingdom divided against itself cannot stand*—and many more.

Beautiful fairy stories are being written in our own day, as they were in days gone by. And you could have no more beautiful book to look at—and to read—than *The Cat Who Went to Heaven* by Elizabeth Coatsworth (The Macmillan Company, \$2.00), a story of Old Japan, illustrated by Lynd Ward. I remember being in the publisher's office when Miss Louise Seaman, who is in charge of Macmillan's Books for Boys and Girls, said to Mr. Ward, "Paint these pictures so that in the book they will seem almost wet from the artist's brush." I have never forgotten that, for Mr. Ward's pictures have that very feeling.

I have used the word "beautiful" many times this month, and that is what I have tried to choose for you—beautiful books.

Fairy stories and fables to go back to

Hans Christian Andersen—what is anyone's library without him? To choose among the many editions in which his stories have been published is a problem, indeed. One

Women in Advertising

(Continued from page 18)

the Great Lakes, or to the coast of Maine, that you are storing up valuable information for a business career, but think how glad you'll be, if sometime you are asked to write travel or resort advertising! You may play tennis just because you like to, but if ever you want to write an advertisement about tennis clothes, you'll be glad you can write with the sure touch of a person who knows whereof she speaks. People write and talk more convincingly about things with which they have an actual contact, so try to treasure in your memory as many different experiences as possible.

If you have an opportunity to learn other languages, by all means do so—each additional language opens many new doors to you; and when you travel, you will enjoy it much more. Read as widely as you can and don't bother with anything but the best. Even if you read for twenty-four



CAN YOU DASH OFF GOOD THEMES QUICKLY?

hours a day, you could never read all the worthwhile books that have been written, so why waste time on trash? If you live in a very large city, make it a habit to read

the daily papers thoroughly. If not, try to read a weekly summary of the news such as *Time* or *The Literary Digest*. The more you know about people and what happens to them, the better equipped you'll be for any business—and incidentally you yourself will be a far more interesting person.

When you secure your first position, you must remember that, in the beginning, everyone else will have more to give you than you have to give them. Never be afraid to say, "I don't know, but I'll find out." It is almost more important to know what you *don't* know, than what you *do*! "The man who doesn't know, and doesn't know that he doesn't know" is responsible for most of the bad mistakes in any office. Brilliant ideas very seldom bring results unless they are developed with painstaking thoroughness. Accuracy and dependability are the cornerstones of success in advertising, just as they are in any other business.

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

Memories of France

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA: The November issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* was splendid. Words cannot express how much I enjoyed it.

A Day With Suzanne was charming. Perhaps one of the reasons why it appealed to me is because it brought back memories of my own experiences in France, a few years ago. The illustrations were perfect. Especially the one of the women washing clothes in the pool. We saw the same thing the day we spent at Chantilly.

Mrs. Shakespeare was one of the best stories I ever read. I loved the description of the personalities of the Eaton terrors. And by the way, Ruth King is my favorite illustrator.

Girl Scout was quite good. I didn't like it as well as some of the other stories about Ellen, though.

All of the articles were interesting. *Jean and Joan* certainly make one (if possible) more impatient for the next issue. I always read that page first of all.

And last, but not least, comes my plea for more "Cynthia" stories which are by far my favorites.

Louise Running

Peggy Likes Sue and Suzanne, too

LANSDOWNE, PENNSYLVANIA: The November issue appealed to me so much that I just couldn't wait to write and tell you so. I think *Mrs. Shakespeare* was very good, but I didn't care much for *The Room on the Roof*. *Girl Scout* was excellent but, in my personal opinion, *A Day With Suzanne* beats them all. I lived all through the story.

The Value of Books by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt proved to be very interesting.

I think every subscriber will agree with me that the recent covers have been very cute.

Peggy Schaffle

We Suspect There is Always Something Doing When Joyce is Around

KOSCIUSKO, MISSISSIPPI: I enjoy reading *THE AMERICAN GIRL* because it has so many interesting things in it. As my hobby is collecting stamps, I read Mr. Osborne Bond's article on stamps every time. I like to work the puzzles very much also.

In *The Room on the Roof* I think Joan is interesting, but the story is not scary enough. I have a girl friend who can tell very scary stories. Her name is Kathryn Murphy. She lives in Kosciusko also, and she is sitting with me now.

I am twelve years old and in the seventh grade. My birthday is October nineteenth.

I wish there was a Girl Scout club in Kosciusko, but there isn't. We girls here don't have much fun except going on hikes, picnics, and playing detectives. We have lots of fun playing those, though. Some girls and I organized a detective club, and we have fun tracing cars by their license numbers. I guess we're lucky to have that much fun!

Joyce Jackson

Thank You, Gertrude!

JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE: I am an admirer of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I have had five copies (including the November number) and I think of it as a dear companion. I like, especially, the *Laugh and Grow Scout* page. I am eleven years old, have been a Girl Scout for two years, and hope to see many more copies of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

Gertrude Toncray

More Memories of France

LANSING, MICHIGAN: Although I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for five years, this is the first time I have written. But I liked the story *A Day With Suzanne* by Helen Perry Curtis so much that I just had to write. I have been corresponding for several years with a French girl who lives at the mouth of the Rhone in Provence, France, right where the story took place, so you see it was very real and interesting to me—especially the part where Sue and Suzanne had to talk part in English and part in French, for that is the way Henriette and I have to write. She doesn't know much English, and my French is terrible. Can't we have more stories of France?

Virginia Brown

Stories with Plots

WEST HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT: This issue was simply grand. I liked *Mrs. Shakespeare* especially, for I have just finished reading *The Gaper Girls Go to College*. And I just love Ruth King's illustrations. *Jean and Joan* is a good way of telling us what to expect. *The Room on the*

Dear Girls:

This is my New Year's wish for you: that 1934 may open many doors to you—doors leading to sound thinking, fine doing, and fuller being. The last is the most important, for what we are determines the direction of our thinking and our doing. And in this business of being a real person lies one of the secrets of achieving a Happy New Year.

The Editor

Roof has started out to be one of the finest serials we have ever had.

The *Household Rhymes* were awfully cute. And I certainly enjoy Hazel Rawson Cades's articles—they are one of the best points of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

I didn't like *A Day With Suzanne* because there wasn't enough story to it. We have so few stories, as it is. It's a shame to put that type of story in, when we might have a story with a plot to it. Frances Jaffer

Magazine Versus Tennis Racket

MARLBORO, MASSACHUSETTS: I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for two years. I received it as a birthday gift—and was I disappointed, as I was expecting a tennis racket! However, it didn't take me long to change my mind, especially after reading two or three stories, and this year I asked to be given *THE AMERICAN GIRL* as a birthday gift!

Hazel Slayton

The Best Christmas Gift

PETERBORO, NEW HAMPSHIRE: A year ago I was not taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL*—and when I think of all the wonderful stories I have read since I received my subscription from Mother at Christmas, I feel it is the best Christmas gift I have ever received!

I have just finished reading *Mrs. Shakespeare* which inspired me to write this letter. However, all the stories are great and I cannot choose any special one that is better than the others.

Phyllis Webster

Article on Women Doctors Wanted

CHATHAM, NEW JERSEY: I like *Jean and Joan* ever so much. I always like to have an idea in advance about what will be in the new issue—but, on the other hand, I just can't seem to wait until the next issue. Oh well, keep up with *Jean and Joan*, please.

All the stories and articles in the November issue were just grand! Wasn't it kind of Mrs. Roosevelt to write an article just for us? And don't you honestly think *Household Rhymes* are the cutest things imaginable? Let's have more.

One thing I have to ask you. Are you going to have an article on women doctors in your vocation series? I am very much interested in that type of work, and would like to learn the "in's and out's" of it.

I'm glad to see the *What I Wish in My Magazine* contest, for I've been hoping you'd have another contest of that kind. Am I going to make use of that ballot!

Athalinda Woodcock

The Weakest Link

(Continued from page 12)

the sharp finality of "Point," standing clear amid otherwise indistinguishable whispers. Then came the scrape of chairs pushed back, and moving feet. Sarah gathered up warming pan and blanket, groped for and found her candlestick, and scurried back to her room.

In bed again, with the blanket wrapped round her, she continued to shiver. British officers were discussing West Point. The most important fortress in the United States. The key position. Robert must be warned. But how? Cuddling in her blanket, and shivering far more with excitement than with cold, Sally planned a tea party. She would make her need of a special brand of tea, procurable only at the New York warehouse, her excuse for sending a servant to Robert, her request for a pound of that tea covering the hidden message; and she would ask Captain Daniel Youngs to give the man a pass through the lines.

"I'll invite Sally Coles and her guests," Sarah thought. "And I'll make some cakes and doughnuts to serve. We can eat in the arbor. It will be lovely with the blue grape clusters all about. Sally Coles's cousins are staying with her, and that's sufficient excuse for a tea party."

Next morning Audrey promised to help with the preparations. She was full of suggestions. "We can use the pink luster cups, and Grandmother's silver teapot. It will have to be rubbed up with a chamois. You do the baking, Sally. If you make a cake, Phoebe'll help you seed raisins."

But when Phoebe learned that neither Colonel Simcoe, nor Major André, were to be invited, she promptly lost interest. What was the fun of a party without officers?

"Not even Captain Youngs, nor Lieutenant McGill? Well—you can count me out," Phoebe said frankly. And went away to gather grapes in the arbor, and confide to Major André, pausing, too, for a bunch of grapes, that he wasn't to be asked.

"Dear me," Major André said laughing. "I shall have to think of a way to pay Miss Sally out for my exclusion. Though perhaps I should have been forced to miss the pleasant event, in any case, by the intervention of business. Momently an errand may take me to New York . . . the vicissitudes of a soldier's life."

It was Audrey who discovered the letter addressed to "Mr. James Anderson," that someone had hidden in the silver teapot. The teapot, standing always on a shelf in the corner cupboard, wasn't in common use, so the hiding-place had been a clever one.

While Audrey held the suspicious letter in the steam of the kettle, Sarah kept careful lookout.

"It seems just a business letter, Sally. There's nothing at all about West Point."

"I know who put it there, Audrey. Do you remember when our neighbor came with a jug, scarce an hour ago, to borrow some cider vinegar? You left him in the dining-room while you drew it. Well, he's been a good bit with Tories. And he's not above taking their money."

"Yes! And Sally, this Mr. James Anderson must be a private, if he's a soldier at all. We know all the officers. There! Put it back. It looks as it did before. But I feel kind of mean, don't you?"

"We can't stop to think of our feelings. And we can't use or polish the teapot. Whoever comes for the letter mustn't guess we've discovered his hiding-place. Audrey Townsend, if we've set ourselves to spy, let's do it to some purpose. One of the other of us must keep constant watch of the cupboard."

"Had we best tell Phoebe, and ask her to take turns with us?" Audrey suggested.

Sarah considered, then shook her head.

"No. She'd most likely forget."

But that afternoon Sarah and Audrey themselves forgot the letter, in Audrey's horrified discovery that her kitten's plaintive

meows, which she had for some time tried worriedly to trace, came from the depths of the well, where someone had lowered the poor little creature in one of the buckets. Even with Sarah's prompt help, getting it to the top, dry and unburnt, had been a breathless, nerve-racking matter, requiring soothing assurances to the agitated prisoner, and the most deft manipulation of the windlass. Then, when at last the kitten purred comfortably over a saucer of cream, Sarah made the dismaying discovery that her doughnuts had disappeared. The raisin cake, left to cool, stood untouched on the kitchen table. But the doughnuts, which had been brought to just the right golden brown, then sprinkled with soft sugar and arranged on a plate, were gone. Nor could the most thorough search discover them.

PHOEBE was inclined to take her sister's discomfiture lightly. "Why not ask Colonel Simcoe about them?" she said airily.

Major André, when he learned of the theft, was more sympathetic, though he could not resist a joke. "If 'twas tarts that had disappeared, Miss Sarah, I'd have suggested the Knave of Hearts as the possible culprit."

Late that afternoon he took graceful leave of them, and rode away toward New York. And shortly after his departure, the vanished dainties were discovered in, of all places, the very cupboard where Mr. James Anderson's letter lay waiting. On finding them there, a sudden suspicion sent Sally's hand groping in the silver teapot. Gone! The unknown had claimed his message. Probably while Audrey and she were hanging distractedly above the well. No doubt

the wretch had himself lowered the kitten in the bucket, in order to insure privacy while making his hunt. And he had concealed the doughnuts as an excuse for coming into the diningroom, in case anyone saw him enter.

Sarah went to her room and wrote a message to Robert in a hand that did not waver. She took acute satisfaction in using the new ink Robert had given Audrey, adding a promptly disappearing paragraph that told of the activities of the elusive Mr. Anderson. She told her brother, too, about that word "West Point," overheard from the linen room.

That evening, Colonel Simcoe couldn't persuade her to sing "Drink to me only with thine eyes." Indeed, she kept away from the harpsichord so persistently that he murmured worriedly, for her ear only, "In what way have I offended?"

YOU'VE not offended at all. I'm—I'm out of voice."

He was only half reassured. Watching the estrangement, Phoebe thought, "What a fuss Sarah has made about those doughnuts! I should never have hinted that the guilty was Colonel Simcoe's."

Next morning she confessed. "You're punishing the wrong man, Sally. Major André was the Knave of Hearts."

In her surprise, Sarah almost dropped the bowl of fruit she was carrying. She said sharply, "You mean, Phoebe, Major André hid my doughnuts? Did you see him do it?"

"Why, yes. He was standing by the cupboard when I came into the room with the flowers I'd been picking. I wanted to put them in water so—"

"Never mind about that. What was he doing?"

"Only what I told you, holding the plate of doughnuts. He had opened the cupboard door. And when he glanced over his shoulder and saw me standing there, he looked somewhat surprised; then he laughed and flourished the plate and said, 'Ha, Miss Phoebe, behold my revenge! Forbid the arbor party, I've made free with your sister's cakes.' Then he set them on the shelf and closed the door. But first we each ate one. Thus we seal the concealment, Miss Phoebe," he jested. Indeed, in his joking way, he made such a matter of my keeping quiet that I'd never have told you—if I hadn't set you against poor Colonel Simcoe with my teasing."

"I wish you had told me, Phoebe. At least—"

"Why, 'twas only a joke, Sarah! What's happened? What is the matter?"

"I don't know, Phoebe, any more than you do. I wish I might. Oh, I wish I might!"

Phoebe had prophesied correctly with regard to the manless tea party. In spite of a general appreciation of the tea's delicate flavor and the flattering consumption of Sally's dainties, it proved rather a failure. Perhaps both hostesses were feeling too disturbed and apprehensive to create an air of festivity.

Sally, noting the first tentative hint of yellow in the leaves, thought, "They're waiting, too. And they don't know for what."



A CONTEMPORARY SILHOUETTE OF "THE ADORABLE MISS SARAH TOWNSEND"

That was the troubling thing to Audrey and herself—the waiting, the uncertainty. The pound of tea had arrived in good time, proof that Robert had received her message. But had the message itself been of use? And in what way was Major André, whom everyone so warmly liked, involved with the secretive Mr. Anderson? Sally didn't doubt that he was in some way involved. Yet light, when it did come, came with the blinding havoc of lightning. And it was accompanied by clap after clap of appalling thunder. The first flash sent Sally white-cheeked to Colonel Simcoe.

WHY is General Arnold held by the British? When was he taken prisoner? Oh, Colonel Simcoe, what's happened at West Point?"

"He's not a prisoner, Miss Sally. He's now a British officer."

"General Benedict Arnold! That can't be true!"

Colonel Simcoe shrugged his shoulders expressively. "All is fair in war, Miss Sarah, or so one reads. General Arnold was negotiating with us the surrender of the fort, and, his plans discovered, made good his escape. I could accept Fate's decree with philosophy, were it not that Major André, who handled the matter for Sir Henry Clinton, has been stopped and held."

"I don't understand," Sarah said trembling. Across the candlelight, she could see how drawn and troubled Simcoe's young face was. "Do you mean General Arnold is a traitor?"

"Oh, we'll use no harsh names. Say rather he's returned to his first allegiance."

Sarah ignored that. "Tell me, what has Major André to do with West Point?"

"Why, by special arrangement he went up the Hudson, on one of our warships, to meet Arnold at night and upon neutral ground, in order to conclude their plan for the fort's surrender. It would seem that daylight intervened before all was arranged. Thereupon, against his previous intention, Major André passed within the American lines, and lay concealed till nightfall."

"Had his ship failed to wait?"

Colonel Simcoe shook his head. "No. But the fort had opened on her. She dropped down the river out of range."

Sarah puzzled silently. With the great chain in place across the river, how was it possible that a British ship had come within gunplay of the fort?

"However," the Colonel continued, "the *Vulture* came back to her previous mooring, and there waited. But ere that, the Major had put on citizen's clothes, and set out by horse for New York."

"Civilian clothes! Is Major André being held as a spy?"

"Most regrettably, yes."

"Oh, how dreadful!" The fingers of Sally's clasped hands whitened at each knuckle with their tightened pressure. But some inner insistence kept shaping questions.

"Where was he taken?"

"Near a place called Tarrytown. And on neutral ground, which should be a point in his favor. He carried a pass from General Arnold, made out in the name of Anderson."

"Anderson?"

"The name André traveled under."

"Oh!" Sarah was glad that a chair was close at hand to sink down on.

Colonel Simcoe sighed, and sat down himself. It was comforting to have Sarah so close to him, hanging breathlessly on every word, and as frankly worried as he was over poor Jack André's plight.

"Tis a long story, and in some points not clear. Apparently, when stopped and searched by the three fellows who took him to the nearest American post, he might have effected his ransom, if he had had sufficient funds in pocket. Unluckily one of the rascals could read, and a search discovered certain military papers with which General Arnold had burdened him! It appears that the officer in charge of the post believed André's story, to the effect that he was traveling on private business for General Arnold. He was sending André back to West Point, when a second American officer intervened, denounced General Arnold as a traitor, and insisted that 'Anderson' be overtaken and brought back!"

Sarah thought she knew the name of the American officer who had been so instantly suspicious, Major Benjamin Tallmadge.

Colonel Simcoe continued, "The rider that had been sent ahead to tell Arnold of the capture was too far upon the road to

TWO NEW CONTESTS

ARE you good at handicrafts? For those who like to sew or to draw, we are presenting two contests with a number of cash and other valuable prizes. Be sure to read the back cover: it tells you everything. Every Girl Scout will certainly want to enter these competitions.

West Point to be overtaken. And, warned by him the following morning, Arnold made good his escape to our ship in the river. When the Major learned that General Arnold had got safe away, he at once declared his true character. He was taken to Tappan where General Washington is stationed."

"Does that mean there will be a court-martial?"

Colonel Simcoe frowned. "Why, so we hear." He rubbed his forehead with a weary gesture before achieving a forlorn smile. "Your concern does credit to your warm heart, Miss Sally."

He had said the one unbearable thing.

CONCERN!" poor Sarah repeated a little wildly. "Why, 'tis almost as if—as if one of my own brothers—Oh, if anything happens to him, I'll always, always—." She couldn't go on because of the tears that gathered even more distressfully when Colonel Simcoe tried to wipe them away with his handkerchief.

Loving her as he did, it was natural for Simcoe to misinterpret that bitter weeping. "So we all feel, Miss Sarah. There's no one better loved in all the army, from Sir Henry Clinton down. And I'd dare swear by this time he's made friends for himself amid his captors."

"Why, look you," he continued, pleased to feel that his hopeful words were having a heartening effect, "the Yankees will scarce dare proceed with excessive severity against the Adjutant General of the British Army! Sir Henry is already busy negotiating the terms of exchange."

Sarah said slowly, "There's only one person the Americans would take in exchange for Major André."

She saw by his start that he had understood. "Give up Arnold? That's unthinkable, Miss Sarah! Even with our own officer in the very shadow of the gallows, we'd not so outrage honor, and all military precedent as to—"

He broke off, biting his lip. Miss Sarah, all the lovelier for her flushed cheeks and tear-brightened eyes, seemed as if she were paying no attention at all to his last words.

She wasn't. She was looking very steadily indeed at the Shadow that seemed to threaten all the brightness in life. It was almost as if it lay there between them, visible on the floor. Sombre. Impassable. The shadow of a gallows.

In the week that followed, there was nothing for Sarah to do but wait while the Shadow deepened. Lifted momentarily, and then gathered again. Even her Valentine took on something of its grayness. Dreadful that anything so happy as a Valentine should have fluttered across the darkest page of the whole war!

When the Townsends learned of the execution on Tappan hillside that memorable October second, with the young soldier very white in his brilliant uniform, requesting the mute, pitiful multitude to bear witness that he died like a brave man, Sarah went to her room and, dropping down beside her bed, flung her arms over it and remained so a long time.

Poor, gallant, tragic Knaves of Hearts!

THAT winter Sarah rode to the end of the Island to meet and talk with her brother, Captain Solomon Townsend. It was good to feel his strong arms around her. In all the family, he was the one she most loved and admired. After the first eager greeting and exchange of news, he had a good deal to say about the late conspiracy. Among other things, he explained how it had been possible for the warship *Vulture* to sail so close to the fort.

"You see, Sally, General Arnold, on a pretense that one link in the river chain was weak and in need of repair, had removed it. That meant all the strength and effort that had gone into it, at the moment counted for nothing. West Point lay open to attack. If it hadn't been for the other chain—the chain of communication forged by you and Robert—we might have lost the fort and with it the war. . . . If anywhere in that unseen chain, Sarah, there had been so much as one weak link—but, thank God, each one held fast."

"I've been wrung with pity for Major André, Sol, but I've not regretted what I did. Not once."

"No. It had to be. This Simcoe—you'll not marry him, Sister?"

"You can't help where your heart goes. But you don't have to go with it—not if you know it's right to stand firm."

"True for you, Sarah."

"I'll always be proud of you, Sol. Taking your oath that way—and then forging the chain."

"You proud?" Captain Solomon Townsend said huskily, his sea-blue eyes looking straight into hers. "I'm holding my own head high in pride for my brother and sisters. They helped preserve West Point, and save the United States."

Keeper of the Wolves

(Continued from page 22)
well to the north of Frozen Bend. Claire's Indian helper, Boal, who minded the kennels and the dogs in her absence, was commandeered by Gran for a trip to Fairbanks. Gran wanted to find a design for a patch-work quilt, and not even Pete's tentative mention of the preying dogs that had so nearly destroyed Henry's chance for life could dissuade her.

"Wolves!" she characterized them promptly. "They only prey on half-dead things." Which was a comment on Henry's team, and a revelation of Gran's own rapidly increasing knowledge of the new world into which she had moved serenely to make a place for herself.

CLAIRE was alone, then, when the mailman, Tel Patrick, stopped by on his way through to Red Stove with the month's mail. She was dressing the bruised paw of one of the younger malemutes, when a shadow across her worktable warned her of the visitor.

"Hello," she said briefly, recognizing him. She did not invite him to enter the flimsy, unheated shelter. The enclosure offered small protection from the wind; it was scarcely more than a corral divided into paddocks where the dogs were separated according to age, but where they were not unduly pampered in the matter of endurance of cold or wet. Even if the structure had offered protection, it is doubtful if Claire would have extended its welcome to the mailman. She observed no amenities with persons she mistrusted.

"Hello!" Tel Patrick's retort was as brief as her own. He was a stocky man, not above average height, with a truculent manner which deceived no one, least of all Claire. She knew him to be a coward. His eyes were his most unfortunate possession. One of them was inclined to disassociate itself from the other, with no warning to the beholder; one moment, you might be looking at Tel's two eyes, the next moment you were compelled to look north to include one, and south to include the other. Claire almost never looked at him; when she did, she resolutely observed his mouth which was thin-lipped and ill-natured. As though to offset his other handicaps, however, the mailman had a pleasant voice.

"Tensee give you my message?"

The girl nodded.

"Well?" Patrick said, impatiently.

"I'm sorry," Claire replied composedly. "I have no dogs for sale."

"You sold two yesterday, up-river."

"So I did."

"Well!"

"That was yesterday," Claire pointed out briefly.

"And today you're all sold out."

She did not answer.

"What you mean is, you won't sell to me." Tel stated the fact bluntly, but his pleasant voice made it sound less threatening than his manner implied. Claire lifted the lamed pup from her worktable, carried him to his particular corner, and returned him with gentle hands to his mother. Then she faced the mailman with her arms folded, and her two small mukluked feet firmly on the ground.

"You put it more clearly than I could,"

she admitted with her customary frankness.

"Listen here," Tel began, and for once Claire preferred looking at the unreliable eyes to continuing her observation of the suddenly twisted mouth. "You been acting high and mighty with me ever since my team o' hounds beat yours four weeks ago. What you got against me, I'd like to know? I'm asking you. It was a fair race, and a fair win. Wasn't it? Wasn't it?"

Claire shrugged. "So far as I know."

"Well, then! Let me look at your pups."

"No!"

Tel realized abruptly that the girl effectively blocked his entrance to the hut.

"Why not?"

"Because I don't sell my dogs to a man who'll drive half the life out of them, and use a whip on the rest. I've never sold you a dog and I never will, Tel Patrick. The next time one of your team fades out, you can keep on going until you get to the next town, and pick up a substitute there. As a matter of fact, I am sold out, except for the pups that haven't been weaned, and one I'm keeping for myself. But if I had ten huskies needing hard work and lots of it, I'd still refuse to turn one of them over to you. And one thing more—I never change my mind!" Her face had whitened a little, offsetting her deep blue eyes which were blazing almost purple.

Tel looked about him suddenly, craftily. "Where's your Injun? Where's Boal?"

"That," Claire said precisely, "is none of your business!"

The man took a threatening step forward.

The tiniest ghost of a scornful smile played about the girl's lips and was gone. Without lifting her voice, she spoke one word, "King!" The dog was beside her. Tel saw him and changed his mind.

"I don't forget," he mumbled, turning from the door. "You don't change your mind, and I don't forget. We'll see who wins!" With that he was gone. Claire drew in a sharp breath and dispelled it slowly. Then, matter-of-factly, she picked up a broken snowshoe, and set about mending it with slow, mechanical precision.

When Tel's team was no more than a speck on the distant roll of hills leading out of the smaller valley, she stepped to the door and observed it with narrowed eyes. He would be back in four days.

At luncheon, the enigmatic Namak startled Claire out of her appetite. "That Tel Patrick," she said, "he killed a man."

HANS appeared from the clouds, two days later, and Claire felt better when she had told him of the interview. She was having lunch with Aunt Sarah and Henry, Namak having offered her adequate services in tending the dogs until the girl returned.

With characteristic cordiality, Aunt Sarah hustled around laying another place at the luncheon table, while Henry remorselessly captured Claire's queen and checkmated her king in their game of chess.

"No fair!" the girl cried. "I was saying 'hello' to Hans."

"Well, don't do it again," Henry admonished her sternly. "How many birds did you pass this time, Hans?"

The Flying Swede's slow smile spread across his face, as he laid an affectionate hand on his friend's shoulder.

"I have been where the birds don't fly," he responded, stripping mitts from his hands and helmet from his head. "And I'm going again when I have eaten. Tell me, Claire, how you've been."

Claire responded instantly, turning Tel's visit into a humorous anecdote. Nevertheless Hans's eyes grew smaller in his face as she proceeded. Seeing that in spite of her efforts she had alarmed him, she tried to divert his attention.

"Where are you off to this time, Hans?"

And for once Hans allowed himself to be diverted. "To the Crossings," he responded, helping himself, at Mrs. Tensee's best, to the excellent caribou stew she set before him. "The settlement is in need of food. I was in Red Stove yesterday. Pete asked me to tell you he was going on to Crossings, and might be gone for another week. You're not to worry."

Henry's low whistle checked the girl's startled reply.

"Where are you going to get food for that crowd, at this time of year? No ships have come in from outside for two months, and there are a thousand Injuns, not to mention the white people at Crossings. Do they need food bad?"

THEY'RE starving," the airman said briefly.

"Great Scott, didn't they know winter was coming?"

"They knew and they provided, but a sudden thaw set the river ice moving, and it carried out three of their warehouses. It piles high at Crossings, you know, thirty feet in places. The river set small icebergs churning, and first thing they knew, their unloading docks were carried out. It was too late then to save the warehouses. It's never happened before."

"That means we're due for a thaw here," Claire broke in.

"Likely."

"But where are you getting the food? Who's taking it in?"

"I am," Hans said quietly. "Fairbanks will supply some. Nome has more. Even Frozen Bend can contribute a little. There are a hundred sources."

Henry's exclamation voiced the opinion of all three of his listeners. "From Fairbanks to Nome! Think of it!"

"And back again," Hans said grimly, rising. "I'll be off, if you'll excuse me."

Claire was beside him instantly. "If I can help," she said, "you'll let me, won't you, Hans? The dogs are slow compared with your plane, but I could take in two sleds at a time, and that's something."

"That's a lot," Hans assured her, patting her hand. "I'll let you know. I'll be through here again in a couple of weeks, like as not."

"Will you do something for me?" Claire was reluctant to ask her favor, but more reluctant to let it go unasked. "Will you have Pete send some word out to me? Just tell him to send a message by Tel Patrick, if he wants me to help him up there. Tel comes through again day after tomorrow. If you're going to be seeing Pete today, that is."

"I'll be seeing him, and I'll tell him," Hans promised.

Claire closed the door behind him and

returned to the table, but she could eat no more. The kitten she had given Mrs. Tensee leaped to her lap, and she sat for a long while, stroking it idly.

Henry broke in on her reverie nervously. "I could drive a sled myself, if it comes to that," he said, his tone defiant.

Claire glanced up at him quickly; Mrs. Tensee's startled hand flew to her throat. Henry had purchased his new team from Claire, but he had never driven it. At Peter's command, the girl did not question his inactivity. Looking up now, she saw that his face was white but determined.

"If it's necessary, we'll form a convoy," she said as naturally as she could. "I'd like to keep an eye on that team of yours, for the first hundred miles anyhow. But it won't be necessary. Hans has never needed help before. He won't need it now." She looked away, but not soon enough to miss seeing the relief apparent in the freighter's eyes.

But as the days passed with no word from Pete, she was not so sure. If the mailman had come through Frozen Bend, he had left no word for her. Nor had anyone seen him. Claire was forced to the conclusion that even the unreliable Tel had been pressed into service at the Crossings.

Gran returned from Fairbanks, and Claire took her worries straight to her. She could reassure her team and Pete, but it took Gran to reassure the girl herself.

"Well," Gran said, looking up from her intent study of an intricate quilt pattern to peer at the girl over her spectacles, "if Pete was up there alone, I'd worry, myself. Or if Hans was holding the fort without the doctor. But with both of them up there, I just thank my lucky stars I'm not one of the starving. It'll take Hans two extra trips to bring in supplies, just for the two of them. Now which would you use here, Claire? You've got an eye for color. I kind of prefer the red, but at my age—"

HALF an hour later Claire was sitting on the floor, Gran disposed quite as informally beside her, and to both of them the immediate problem of deciphering a pattern presented their only worry.

"You've got it upside down," Gran said for the tenth time.

"Well, if I have, it was made that way," Claire insisted. "This piece fits here all right, but that one can't possibly go in there; and the upside down one will, if we keep it upside down; but won't, if we turn it the way you want it to go, which is right side up. Or any way!" she ended futilely, seeing determination rising in Gran's alert eyes.

"Or whatever!" Gran retorted briskly, and fitted the piece, right side up, exactly where they had tried it half an hour before, and six times since.

So engrossed were they that even Claire did not sense Namak's noiseless entrance. The imperturbable Indian woman threw a log on the fire, adjusted a shade on the table lamp, and straightened the cover on the couch before she delivered her message.

"Indian come long way to see you."

"Indian? Which Indian? Who is it?" The girl was on her feet instantly, all attention on Namak. The woman shrugged.

"Not know," she said. "Stranger! Come long way. Come from Crossings!"

Claire sped past her to the kitchen door, and not even Gran's irate, "You come back here and get something to wrap around

your shivers!" stayed her flying footsteps.

A gaunt young Indian stood on the threshold. The miscellany of cast-off white man's clothing which he wore did little to defend him from the thirty-mile gale that blew down river. Claire drew him into the kitchen. A gusty breath of snow clung to him.

"Tell me."

"The Flying Swede," the messenger told her. "He down at Silver Lodge Road House. He need tool kit."

"But he took that with him," Claire said, puzzled.

"Big tool kit. So!" And the Indian spread his hands to measure a large space of air meant to indicate the size of the desired object. "Swede left it. Plane too heavy with food to carry."

"Oh, I see. All right. Are you going back?"

The Indian shook his head. "I go on," he said, and indicated a journey southward.

"Thank you for bringing the message. I'll leave at once, and—wait a minute!" Claire left the room and returned a moment later with a bearskin jacket of Pete's. "You'd better put this on."

The messenger's grunt was his thanks. That, and an offer to help load the sled.

Together he and Claire's Indian stowed the heavy tool kit, which had been stored in the woodhouse, on the stoutest of her sleds, while the girl assumed her parka and made ready for the journey. It had diverted her attention to help Gran with the quilt, but this gave her an active relief; there was something to do at last.

She saw with satisfaction that Boal had hitched the dogs tandem. He stood beside them, keeping them untangled until she appeared to give him last minute instructions about the pups. Unknown to her, Gran stood at a window and saw her swing away toward the river trail, the black King dog on a line in the lead, flakes of snow sifting down on his inky fur. Claire was tall and slender, but she looked small—too small—riding the runners of the laden sled until they should reach the harder going where she, too, must run with the dogs. The buildings of the town were scarcely discernible in the swirl of snow driven by the gale.

It was stiff going, uptrail against the wind. Claire knew that her dogs would never turn tail, but she wondered how urgent was Hans' need, and how strong her dogs really were. She had never asked them to pull so heavy a load before, but the distance to be traversed was not great, only twenty miles.

"You, King!" she shouted, and stepped from the runners as the first hump was crossed. "Pinto, you're lagging!" The calico dog leaned in his harness again. Claire saw, with a worried frown between her eyes, that while the dogs were fresh and willing, the new snow had made hard sledding for

them, and the wind would wear them down in time. Still, the way was not hard; its gradient was no greater anywhere than this first sample indicated. But she must not let them stop. Already her cheeks and nose were tingling; to delay here meant at least a frozen face.

MUSH, King! They dipped into a shallow dale, and started up the other side. It was then that King first began to show signs of uneasiness. They were ten miles out of Frozen Bend now, still making reasonable time. But King's behavior was puzzling. It was his habit to give all attention to the trail when he was leading his team; nothing could divert him then from the business in hand. His short, stiff ears pointed up and forward, his coal-black nose a perfect compass for his eyes, he saw neither to right nor to left of him. Nothing existed except the trail, the team behind him, and behind them the sled and the driver. The other dogs owed allegiance to him; he owed allegiance only to the driver, and he gave it unstintingly.

Today, however, his small eyes flicked uneasily from right to left. Twice, in his stride, he paused to sniff the air suspiciously. Claire was puzzled. Again she called him sharply to time, and again she saw him hesitate and slow noticeably in his forward stride.

The snow had walled them in with a leaden gloom. It was as though they moved toward an impenetrable wall which shifted as they advanced, only to close behind them again. Suddenly, out of that gloom, a herd of reindeer materialized beside the trail. They were turned, tails to the wind, and they stared stupidly at the sled as Claire slid past. The sight of them signified nothing, yet Claire's heart was unaccountably lightened. It was unusual to find the animals so close to the trail. King had been aware of them long before the girl herself had known that they were near.

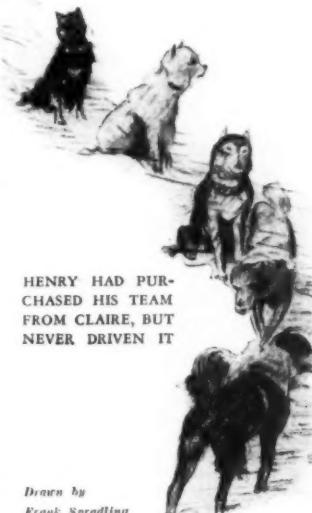
Her voice was clearer, more commanding, as she urged the team to renewed effort now. In less than half an hour, King led the team

up to the Silver Lodge, and stopped with a flourish before the door of the small, low-lying outpost on the trail to Crossings. Hans half-led, half-carried Claire into the shelter of the cabin. Behind him, two other men luggered in the tool kit, while an Indian disposed of the dogs.

Mrs. Tamaris made the girl welcome, while her husband asked without preliminary explanation what she had seen on the trail.

The abrupt question startled Claire. "A herd of reindeer," she replied instantly. "Why? Did I miss something?"

Hans replied in his slow drawl, "Nothing. Tonight you must stay here, and tomorrow we will (Continued on page 46)



HENRY HAD PURCHASED HIS TEAM FROM CLAIRE, BUT NEVER DRIVEN IT

Drawn by
Frank Spradling

Keeper of the Wolves

(Continued from page 45)

load sled, dogs and all into my plane, and I will fly you home when I have repaired it."

Claire's amused laugh did not disturb him. "I should like to see King riding in an airplane!" the girl said. "Thanks for the invitation, Hans, but Gran was all excited about a patchwork quilt when I left her, and I've got to get back tonight to calm her. Have you seen Pete lately? How is he? How many more trips must you make to Crossings? Tell me."

"Take off your parka," Mrs. Tamaris urged her. "I'll have a cup of tea for you in a minute."

CLAIRE thanked her. "I'd like the tea very much," she said, "but I can't stay more than ten minutes." There was no telephone at Silver Lodge, or she might have allowed herself to be persuaded. As it was, she sipped her tea thoughtfully, listening to Hans's brief account of his accomplishment of the Gargantuan task he had set himself. She realized almost at once that he was withholding something from her, but she was an Alaskan. In good time she would discover, if she was meant to know.

Hans spoke of the splendid work Pete was doing. "He should be home sometime today," he said. "He was making a call on his way from Crossings, taking the other route that will bring him into Frozen Bend from the south."

At the end of ten minutes when Claire

rose to go, she felt refreshed in mind and body. Mrs. Tamaris would have tried again to dissuade her from attempting the homeward trip, but she shook her head, smiling. "Is your team tired?" Hans asked, his direct eyes searching hers.

"Fresh as daisies. The wind will be at our backs this time. And the trail is clear. I'd rather go now before fresh snow makes the going more difficult. Come to our house when you get in tomorrow, Hans. Gran will be up at dawn expecting you." With that she nodded farewell to the group, and slipped out of the cabin.

Her team was at hand. They were on their way the minute she had stepped to the runners and called the magic word, "Mush!" Claire, her job done, gave herself up to the delight of speeding through the dissolving gloom, her thoughts on Pete who might be home when she got there.

So intent was she with her thoughts that King's low snarl startled her into a sharp rebuke.

"Mind the trail! Mind the trail!" It was near here that he had scented the deer earlier, and Claire was in no mood to put up with a second exhibition of nonsense from him. Nor from the other dogs, that seemed to be drawing together as though bunching themselves against some foe unseen by the girl.

"Totem! Patsy! Pinto! Line out. Mush along there! Hallelujah! Mush!" They quickened their speed, but they ran so close

to each other that one dog's stride swayed its partner's body. And again King's snarl made the dusk eerie.

An unaccustomed shiver shook the girl. She shifted her attention from the dogs to glance about her. Nothing was visible except the white snow, trackless and desolate on either side of the beaten track. Nothing—unless—

CLAIRE'S widening eyes froze in a tense stare. Was that another team running beside her, no more than twenty feet to her right, their white bodies scarcely more than a condensed and paler version of the gloom itself? They ran close to the edge of the curtain that hemmed in the speeding sled—or were they running? Or were they there at all? It seemed to the frightened girl that she could see through them, so completely were they a part of the encompassing obscurity.

Then suddenly, terrifyingly, she knew her peril. Her voice rang out.

"Mush, King! *Mush!*" The words carried their fear to the leader. He leaped against his collar, necking his team. Behind him the dogs flattened out to incredible speed. Claire glanced fearfully to her right.

Seven white forms glided effortlessly through the murk beside her.

Were these the "ghost dogs"? You will hear more about them in next month's installment.

Winter Climbing

(Continued from page 9)

steel frames with eight, ten or twelve sharp prongs worn on the soles of the boots, which give one the ability to walk upright on sheer ice even at a sixty degree incline. The importance of adequate clothing, and suitable equipment for winter climbing, was brought home last winter with great emphasis, when two young men perished in a blizzard on Mount Washington, because of poor equipment and ill-chosen clothing.

The day of our climb dawned cold and clear. Not a cloud was to be seen as we started up the carriage road in the dim morning light. After a brisk walk, we reached the Raymond Path, and here we put on our bear-paw snowshoes. The trail was many feet deep in snow, and at times the trees formed a tunnel, their branches bent under several inches of snow. Occasionally we came into an opening in the forest, and caught a glimpse of the peak towering in solitary splendor high above. Hour after hour we trudged through the deep snow, sliding down fifty-foot drops on our snowshoes, only to find that we had to climb up on the other side. "The bear went over the mountain, the bear went over the mountain," became our favorite song. As we left the tree-line behind us, the icy blasts from the peak made us halt to put on our parkas, wrap our scarfs more tightly about our necks, and pull on the third pair of mittens.

Finally we arrived at the foot of Tucker-man's Head Wall, and before us in majestic beauty, the mountain rose straight up

for one thousand feet. The great wall of China could not have looked more difficult to scale. As was our wont, we counted off, changed snowshoes for crampons, bound our snowshoes to our backs, clutched our ice axes firmly and, led by one of the young men in the party, began our slow ascent.

Each step had to be cut, then a foothold made by sturdy kicks. As one member moved up, the one below stepped into the foothold. It was straight up. The snow was packed so hard that it took much effort to make a foothold. I chose to climb just behind the leader, a position which required a great deal more kicking than further down the line, but it was a comfort to know that there were eleven people below me who might provide a bit of cushion, if a misstep should cause a fall. The line moved slowly upward, cut, kick—cut, kick—cut, kick—resounding with almost musical rhythm. There was no conversation except an occasional word of warning.

As we neared the shelter of the overhanging rocks, three-fourths of the way up the wall, suddenly, without warning, the firm, hard-packed snow gave way to soft feathery flakes. It was like trying to get a foothold in a pile of flour. I had a sickening sensation as my feet and hands found nothing solid to cling to.

"What shall I do now?" called out the youth who was at the head of the line.

"Slag over to the right," yelled the party leader from below.

With utmost care, we wriggled on our stomachs for several feet, and were rewarded

by finding the snow growing gradually firmer again, as we moved away from the sheltering rocks. After climbing a few more feet, we found the wall beginning to slope less steeply, and we were able to walk almost erect.

Our troubles, however, had only begun. When finally we pushed over the last slope of the rim, we found ourselves in the midst of a terrific blizzard from which the wall had sheltered us. There was nothing to do but go on. The wind blew at a velocity of fifty miles an hour, and the swiftly falling snow cut the visibility to a few feet. We kept close to the side of the mountain, calling out frequently to one another, to prevent losing contact. The going was extremely difficult, as the high winds had blown the snow off many of the rocks, and the ice was not thick enough to provide a good foothold. We slid, crawled, skidded, rolled, and wriggled our way along. The last hundred yards were agony for me, as I found breathing growing constantly more difficult, and my feet and hands slowly but surely becoming numb.

How I reached the hut at the top, I never really knew, but I am sure no shelter ever looked more beautiful than that ugly Camden Cottage, which meant warmth and protection from the storm. As soon as the party was inside the hut, we counted off, and were aghast to find that two men, both new climbers, were not there.

The leader, in haste, chose two expert climbers and started out to find the missing (Continued on page 48)

Make Your Own Clothes

and learn the first principles of dressmaking at the same time

By ELIZABETH ANTHONY

ARE you a girl who enjoys making your own clothes? Lots of girls are going in seriously for sewing nowadays, and love it. In fact, along with the revival of other arts of the past, sewing has come into its own again. It's fun, for one thing; for another, the girl who can make her own dresses and underwear can have many more changes, can save money, and can achieve, besides, that individuality in dress which is so much desired.

We are planning, therefore, to give the readers of *The American Girl* a series of talks about making clothes, taking up the simple garments first.

When we discovered the attractive designs for the slip and panties pictured here, we felt that they were the very things to begin with. Slips and panties are easy to make and are always welcome additions to any girl's wardrobe. Our pattern includes the two garments and is suitable for cotton, crêpe de Chine, or any washable silk.

How to Use the Pattern

It is always best to buy your pattern first, then your material according to the requirements for your size, as listed on the back of the pattern envelope. Examine closely the diagram of pattern pieces, as printed on the inside of the envelope, also the pattern lay-out on the back. In pinning your pattern to material, follow this lay-out.

All pieces of the pattern are placed on the lengthwise threads of the material, except the front and back of the slip which are cut on a bias. Be guided by the two groups of three perforations, as they are always placed on the length of the material.

Try the pattern, to see if it is too long or too short, by pinning the lower front to the upper front, overlapping the $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch seam allowance. Hold up this pinned pattern to you, determining the correct length from the floor, plus your hem allowance, if a hem is desired. If the pattern is too long, alter by laying a fold in it, both back and front, just above or below the four notches. If it is too short, lengthen it by cutting at this point, and spreading for extra length required, pinning a piece of tissue paper into the space.

Pin all pieces of the pattern on your material before beginning to cut. Use plenty of pins, placing them every three or four inches apart all around the edge, and stick several through the center of the pattern, so as to avoid slipping of the material.

In cutting, open your scissors wide and take long, even strokes. This enables you to get a much smoother edge and prevents the material from stretching. Do not remove any part of the pattern until all the pieces are cut, and the pattern markings have been made. Cut notches in the material where they appear in the pattern—not so deep, however. An eighth of an inch is sufficient.

Use a fine needle in your sewing machine and a fine thread. Adjust the length of the stitch to about 16 stitches to the inch. Be sure the seams do not pucker, or draw. If they do, loosen the tensions. The stitch should lock in the center of the material.

Making the Slip

it over to the under side, even with first row of stitching. Pin the fold in place, taking care not to stretch it, then baste and stitch on the very edge.

To finish across the top, cut another bias strip one inch wide, fold in center, lengthwise, and press. Lay bias on right side of garment, bringing all three edges even, pin and baste together, then stitch on the machine, taking a good $\frac{1}{8}$ inch seam. Press bias fold and seam up. Turn folded edge over, extending below first stitching. Whip down by hand, slipping the needle under the machine stitches and into the fold at each stitch, or stitch again from right side in first row of stitching.

Stitch straps, press, turn inside out, and press again. Attach where indicated by large perforations.

Turn under $\frac{1}{8}$ inch around lower edge and stitch. Then turn up the hem allowance, and baste. Put the hem in by hand, using a fine needle. The stitches should be close together, and only a thread of the material taken at each stitch, so that the stitches will not show on the right side.

Making the Panties

Join the side fronts to the side backs, matching the three notches. Stitch on the machine, taking a full $\frac{3}{8}$ inch seam.

Join the center back, matching the four notches. Join the center front, matching single notch. Spread the seams open and press. Finish the seam edges, just as you did in making the slip.

Next, sew the inset (which is No. 8 of the pattern) to inside edges, matching single notches in front, and double notches in the back.

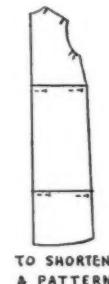
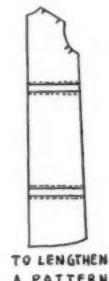
Run a row of machine stitching across the back between the side seams. Draw up the lower thread for fullness.

Seam the right side of the yoke. Press the seam open, and finish the edges. Turn back the regular seam allowance around the lower edge of the yoke, and baste. Set the yoke on, matching double notches in front, and single notch in back. Be sure to take up the full seam allowance. Baste together, then stitch on the right side—on the folded edge. Bind the opening on the left side, just as for the slip.

Finish the top of the pantie, with a bias fold, as you did in the slip. The same finish can be used around the bottom. Or, if narrow lace is preferred, apply the lace to the right side $\frac{1}{4}$ inch from the edge. Stitch on the extreme edge of the lace. Turning to the wrong side, press back the $\frac{1}{4}$ inch raw edge, and stitch again on the right side, in the first row of stitching. Trim off the raw edge, underneath, close to the stitching.

Now you are ready to sew on your snaps—put them very close together.

Patterns are 15 cents each; the *American Girl* Pattern Book 25 cents, coins or stamps. *American Girl Patterns*, 200 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.



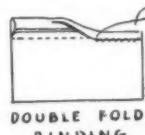
Begin making darts in the upper part by bringing the two lower perforations together in each dart, and stitching up as far as the single perforation, allowing the machine needle to descend just beyond fold of material; then turn the material, and stitch back in the same row of stitching for about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch, to stay the stitching.

Join right underarm edges as notched. Join lower front and back, matching the four notches. Always begin at the top of the garment and stitch down. Leave left side open above large perforation.

Spread seams and press. Finish seams by turning edges under $\frac{1}{8}$ inch, and stitching on the very edge.

Turn under seam-allowance across top of lower part. Baste, using short stitches. Join to upper part and baste, matching double notches in front, and single in back. Stitch on right side on very edge of fold.

To bind the opening on the left side, cut a bias strip one inch wide. To obtain a true bias, bring an even crosswise edge to an even lengthwise edge—the fold in the material is a bias. Cut the fold for bias strips. Place the bias strip on the right side of the garment, and stitch, taking a $\frac{3}{8}$ inch seam. Trim off $\frac{1}{8}$ inch of seam, turn under the edge of the bias piece $\frac{1}{8}$ inch, and fold



The Red Carreaus

(Continued from page 16)

friendly light of the shack had been shut in by the closed door behind her, she stood on the porch step, trying to make her eyes pierce the heavy, noisy darkness. The flashlight showed her the sandy path down the dune to the beach, and the long, advancing and receding line of white on the wet sand. That line seemed, as she stood there, to come terribly close, at times, to the dune foot.

"I—can't do it," she said aloud, and a wild gust of wind tore the words away as they left her lips.

She couldn't venture down there, alone in all that tumult! Then she remembered a tiny sailboat helpless in the storm, and her fingers clenched about the flashlight. Somehow the thing had to be done. She started down the path.

The rain was not driving so hard now, and after Sandra reached the beach, and turned south, her eyes had grown sufficiently accustomed to the blackness for her to make out the line of surf on her left.

Hands deep in the pockets of the big, woolly sweater, and head bent to the wind, she struggled forward, her feet sinking into the soft, wet sand which, even without the wind against her, would have made hard walking. Several times an unusually high wave sent its spent, churning water farther than she had allowed for, and she found herself standing ankle-deep in icy brine.

Once she slipped, and fell to her knees, with a wild terror in her heart lest the foaming back-wash pull her with it into the sea. But she set her teeth, forced herself to her feet, and started doggedly on, taking care now to walk nearer the dune on her right. After a time the hard walking warmed her, though every muscle in legs and back had begun to ache savagely.

SHE had quite forgotten her wrist watch, and when she did remember she was wearing it, and turned the light on it, she was startled to find that it was after one o'clock. Ordinarily, it wouldn't take two hours to walk six miles. But with the soft sand underfoot, and the wind to buffet her, going was slow.

She flashed her light up the beach ahead, but could see nothing that looked like the black bulk of a building against the skyline.

Sandra had walked for another twenty

minutes by her watch, when fear began to nag at her that somehow she might have passed her goal in the storm. And then, down the beach ahead of her, she saw a moving light.

She stopped, staring incredulously; but it came nearer, and soon she could make out a man carrying a lantern. She began to run stumbling toward him. Miraculously, it was the patrol from the Coast Guard station.

Clutching the man's dripping oilskin sleeve, Sandra gasped out a broken story, and the next moment he had faced her about and pointed.

"There's the station, over back of that next dune, Miss," he told her. "It stands back a piece from the beach. You might 'most have passed it, a night like this, and never known. Come along now, an' the captain'll telephone Miami. They'll send out a search plane, soon as it's light."

He shook his head soberly, and Sandra guessed that he did not believe the plane would find anything still afloat on this angry sea.

The rain had ceased during the last half hour, and the wind was dying down. As the weary girl and her escort entered the cheery front room of the station, the clouds parted slightly, and a pale moon looked down on the storm-wrecked beach.

The elderly Coast Guard captain, who had a daughter at home, put his own bedroom, and a many-sizes-too-big woolly wrapper at Sandra's service.

"My wife give it to me las' Christmas, but it ain't never been used," he confessed shyly. Then he set the tea kettle on the fire, and began solemnly to make toast.

Sandra did not want to eat, but the hot tea tasted like nectar, and the neat bed and the big warm Christmas wrapper were more comfortable than any bed and wrapper ever had been before. She had not believed she could sleep, while the uncertainty of her uncle's and cousins' fate still hung over her, but her tired head had barely touched the pillow before she was fathoms deep in heavy, dreamless slumber.

And then—surely she had not had time really to fall asleep at all—there was a gentle knocking at her door. She sat up, bewildered, to find it daylight, and the sun already well up in a cloudless sky, over a

quiet sea innocently murmuring to itself.

Someone outside knocked a little louder. She called out, "Who is it?" And in the same breath, as the events of last night came back in a sickening rush of memory, "Oh, have you had any news?"

It was the captain's friendly voice that answered, "Good news—fine news, Miss, and some hot breakfast."

Her first thought was a trembling thankfulness that she had not failed them. Still wrapped like a cocoon in the woolly robe, she opened the door for the steaming plate and cup the captain handed her, and the details of the rescue she had started.

THE sea-plane sent out from Miami had located the *Gull* just after dawn. Her mast had gone by the board in the first violence of the storm, but Roger had rigged a sea anchor out of fallen mast and dragging sail, and they had ridden out the gale, head into the wind, all of them bailing for dear life through the hours of darkness.

The captain, as gentle with her, and as proud of her courage as if she had been his own young daughter up North, drove his guest home. Over washed-out, sandy roads they went, that took almost as long to cover in the small car, as it had taken Sandra to walk along the beach the night before. And when they had reached the shack, the rescued party—all rather white around the gills, as the captain himself observed, and heavy-eyed after their hard night—had arrived before them, and were cheerfully busy with one of Aunt Viney's superlative omelettes.

So, for the third time that morning, Sandra sat down to breakfast.

They all had adventures to relate, and for a while everybody tried to talk at once, including the captain, who was so impressed with Sandra's plucky exploit that he resolutely refused to be talked down until he had told about it, himself, with due effectiveness.

"An' she says she's scared to death of the sea, too," he wound up, shaking his grizzled head in admiration.

But it was Pete who said the thing that mattered, for Sandra.

"Oh, well, she's a red Carreau," he told them, with a look in his blue eyes that warmed his cousin's heart. "What else did you expect of her?"

Winter Climbing

(Continued from page 46)

men. We waited anxiously, fearful lest some accident had befallen them, and mindful of the travelers who had perished on this same mountain, even in summer blizzards.

The minutes seemed hours before the "Hallo!" of the searchers was heard, and we opened the door to admit the five men. The two who had been lost tried to make light of their danger, but the leader, having learned from years of experience that Washington is no mountain for novices, openly declared that without guides the inexperienced climbers would never have reached the shelter. We ate our hot lunch, thankful that no mishap had occurred, and with

more than gratitude in our hearts for the man who had erected the Camden Cottage and kept it filled with wood, in order that winter climbers might find shelter there from storms.

A few hours later, the storm ceased as suddenly as it had begun. The sun shone feebly, and the temperature, which had been about five below all day, rose a few points. We started home down the carriage road, taking the cut-offs whenever possible, and finding the descent extremely tedious and wearisome.

Half Way House was a welcome sight. Here we exchanged crampons for snowshoes, and three of us—mindful of the hot bath which might be good fortune be

ours—started off at full speed for the Glen House. The tracks of a large Canada lynx which crossed and recrossed our trail provided another spur to speed. Whenever we lagged, the sight of the fresh tracks, and the deepening shadows of night, gave us fresh energy. We came down four miles in less than forty minutes, arrived at camp the first of the crowd, and indulged in hot baths with little consideration of the Roman maxim or our successors!

The chef had prepared an excellent dinner in celebration of Washington's birthday, and with true American fervor, we toasted the Father of our Country, and proclaimed his mountain a namesake worthy of our great hero.



Laugh and Grow Scout

New Model

Rastus and Liza visited the Central Park zoo. Everything went well until they came to the zebras.

"What kind of an animal is dat?" demanded Liza.

For a moment Rastus didn't know what to say, for he had never seen that animal, either. Then he answered loftily, "Why, Liza, dat am a sports model mule."—Sent by MARION DUNCAN, Spartanburg, South Carolina.

Prove It!

MOTHER: Now, darling, I know thousands of little boys and girls who would be only too glad to eat that nice spinach.

YOUNG JOHN: Name three of them!—Sent by WIETSKA BYDELEY, Sobeby, Montana.

She Didn't Like the Music

Mary, a small girl, was twirling the buttons of her grandfather's vest. The old gentleman was snoring.

"Mary!" said her mother. "Stop, or you'll wake Grandpa."

"Oh, no," replied the child, "I'm just getting a new station."—Sent by OLIVE C. KINGSBURY, East Northfield, Massachusetts.

Moving Hiatus



A little girl was warned about being careful crossing the street. "Oh, don't worry," she replied, "I always wait for the empty space to come by."—Sent by RHODA POWERS, Pelham Manor, New York.

Circumstantial Evidence

Pup to other Pup: I've watched that big dog for quite awhile, and he hasn't moved yet. He must be a settler.—Sent by RUTH HOLMSTRUP, Somerville, New Jersey.

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month Perfectly Obvious



NERVOUS LADY (about to get off trolley car): Which end of the car do I get off, conductor?

CONDUCTOR: It doesn't matter, lady. Both ends are going to stop.—Sent by BARBARA C. JENKS, Pawtucket, Rhode Island.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

birthday.—Sent by MARY ALICE SARVIS, Chicago, Illinois.

Ask Her Another

BOY FRIEND: What's a bivalve?

GIRL FRIEND: How should I know? I'm no mechanic!—Sent by BERTHA AND CORNELIA MAULE, Santa Monica, California.

Market Amenities



YOUNG BRIDE: I want a piece of meat without gristle, bone, or fat.

BUTCHER: Lady, you don't want any meat—you want an egg.—Sent by RUTH BENNETT HARDY, Ada, Michigan.

Accomplished Brakeman

It was on a dark night. A trainman on top of a car was giving signals to the engineer when he dropped and broke his lantern.

Another man on the ground tossed his lighted lantern up to the man on top of the car. In a few minutes the fireman, who was a new employee, came back and called to the man on top, "Let's see you do that again."

"Do what?" asked the brakeman.

"Jump from the ground to the top of a boxcar," answered the fireman.—Sent by BETTY BLUME, Dow City, Iowa.

Here's a Tip!

If you want to be a really good skier, get a pair of

Northland Skis

Champions win on them; experts prefer them. They're in use by the Byrd South Pole Expedition. When you buy skis, make sure they have the deerhead trademark.

Send for free booklet, "How to Ski".

NORTHLAND SKI MFG. CO.

World's Largest Ski Mfrs.

83 Merriam Pk.

St. Paul, Minn.



Economy

A magician was giving a performance and, during the course of it, he put a woman into an apparently intact box, and produced from it two rabbits. After the thing was over, a Scotchman approached the stage and asked if he could do that with his—the Scotchman's—wife.

"Why, yes," replied the magician. "But why do you want to get rid of your wife?"

"Weel, 'tisna that exactly, but wee Wullie got me to promise him a couple of rabbits for his birthday.—Sent by MARY ALICE SARVIS, Chicago, Illinois.

DENISON'S PLAYS Juvenile Songs, Musical Readings, Musical Comedies, Operettas. Dialect, Singing, Dancing, Drama, etc., are produced every year. Complete minstrel material. Free Catalog. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 S. Wabash, Dept. 87 Chicago



COVER CONTEST NEWS

THE best title among the one hundred fifty entries for the November issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL was "The Turkey's Dinner." The girl who submitted this title, Lydia Fulweiler, is a Girl Scout and lives in Wallingford, Pennsylvania. Lydia will receive as her award a book named, *The Enchanted Jungle*, by Isadore Lhevinne.

If you think of a good title for this issue's cover, send it to the Cover Contest Editor, % THE AMERICAN GIRL, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. You don't have to be a subscriber to enter the contest. Please print the title on one side of the paper and include your name, address and age on the same sheet. All entries must be mailed not later than December fifteenth. If the winning title is duplicated, the prize will be given to the one received first.

Coping Saw Carpentry

(Continued from page 31)

the tie-back. When dry, turn the piece over, trace the design on the other side, and paint it in the same manner. A small hole in the top center of the piece is made to accommodate the shade cord, which completes the pull.

After a little practice in cutting out and making the articles given here, the reader will find that she can easily design and make original things in the same manner. Book ends can be cut out and attached to tin bases, which give interesting effects and good service. Letter racks in the forms of small cottages, figures, and other designs are easily made. All magazines contain splendid illustrations and advertisements for such work. They can be copied full-size, traced on the wood, cut out, and painted in any colors you wish.

Jig saw puzzles are easily made with the coping saw. An interesting idea along these lines is to have photograph of yourself enlarged, and then glue it securely on top of a piece of three-ply board. This can then be cut out, as any jig saw puzzle, and used as a "surprise" puzzle for your family and friends.

**LOOK.. AND MARY SAID
IT WOULD BE HARD TO
GET THEM FREE !**

**It's NOT hard-this
way to get official
Scout equipment
without cost**

LIKE Ethel in the picture, who wouldn't be "scared out" by what a chum thought, thousands of Girl Scouts have found it surprisingly easy to get their equipment free by the Libby Thrift Plan.

The plan is simple. Just pick out any piece of equipment you want. Save a certain number of the blue and white labels from cans of Libby's Evaporated Milk. Send them to us and you get your equipment right away without any expense.

And here's why it's easy, why you have no trouble getting labels. So many women use Libby's Milk every day. You see the Libby brand is especially popular because of its extra rich quality, purity, and economy.

Any woman who uses this milk is happy to save labels for a Girl Scout who is getting her equipment.

Lots of your mother's friends and neighbors will go to work for you right away.

Give the Libby Thrift Plan a real try. You'll see how fast it works. Here's your first step. Mail us the coupon today. We'll show you how to get any equipment you need. But that's not all. We want you to get a quick start so we'll send you, free, a certificate worth ten tall Libby Milk labels. Now move fast. Fill in the coupon. Mail it now. Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.

MAIL THIS VALUABLE COUPON NOW!

Address: Libby, McNeill & Libby,
Dept. AG-22, Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____

My Grocer's Name _____



Announcing the Girl Scout Sampler Contest

YOU'LL think it's magic the way the little cross-stitches turn into trees, birds, badges and even a Little House—and so easy and lots of fun. Then, of course, there are the prizes. And who doesn't like to win a prize? So order your sampler now and *have your name registered* so that you will be eligible for a prize. Read the rules carefully . . . and best luck to each of you!

M 556 . . . 50 cents.

AWARDS

1st Prize \$10

2nd Prize 5

3rd Prizes to five contestants

Official Girl Scout uniform or equivalent amount of Girl Scout equipment.

Five Honorable Mentions

Leatherette Edition of the Girl Scout Handbook with winner's name in gold.

Entries will be returned at the close of the contest

RULES

1. This contest is open to any registered Girl Scout.
2. Samplers must be bought directly from the National Equipment Service, at which time the name, age, address, and troop number must be registered.
3. Directions and color scheme supplied with the sampler may be followed or original ideas may be used.
4. Any name, motto or other lettering may be embroidered in the space provided.
5. No more than two samplers may be entered by any one contestant.
6. The contest will begin January 1, 1934 and close at midnight, March 1, 1934. Any entries received after the closing date will not be considered.
7. Awards will be based on neatness, quality of workmanship, originality and general artistic appearance. The age of the contestant will be considered also. Decision of the judges will be final.
8. Awards will be announced in the June issues of the American Girl and the Leader.
9. Samplers entered in the contest must not be framed, boxed or otherwise mounted. A tag bearing the name and address of the contestant should be firmly attached to the back of the sampler. The entries should be addressed as follows:

SAMPLER CONTEST

**National Equipment Service
570 Lexington Avenue
New York, N. Y.**



and

A Girl Scout Christmas Card Contest

ARTISTS, painters, limners, drawers, designers and sketchers . . . here is your chance to win honors and a prize, for yourself and your troop. Just draw on your imagination and your originality—and then get to work.

Read the rules, they are simple and clear. And be sure to have your entries in by April 1, 1934.

AWARDS

1st Prize \$25

2nd Prize 15

3rd Prize 10

Five Honorable Mentions

Leatherette Edition of the Girl Scout Handbook with winner's name in gold.

Additional Prizes

To the troop of which the First Prize Winner is a member

\$25 worth of official Girl Scout equipment as selected by the troop.

To the troop of which the Second Prize Winner is a member

\$15 worth of official Girl Scout equipment as selected by the troop.

RULES

1. This contest is open to any registered Girl Scout.
2. Designs may be in full color, black and white, or any medium chosen by the contestant, except etching. The size of the designs submitted should be approximately 8" x 10".
3. Not more than five designs may be submitted by a contestant. These must be plainly marked on the back with the contestant's name, age, address and troop number.
4. The contest will begin on January 1, 1934 and close at midnight on April 1, 1934. No entries received after this date will be considered.
5. Announcement of the prize winners will be made in the September issues of the American Girl and the Leader.
6. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of suitability for reproduction and use as a Girl Scout Christmas card. The decision of the judges will be final.
7. Prize-winning entries will become the property of the National Equipment Service, and may be used as designs for the 1934 Girl Scout Christmas cards.
8. Mail all entries to

CHRISTMAS CARD CONTEST

**National Equipment Service
570 Lexington Avenue
New York, N. Y.**



Judges for both contests will be announced in the February issue of the American Girl

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